THE

FAMILY OF HALDEN.

VOL. III.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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THE

FAMILY OF HALDEN:

A NOVEL.

BY

AUGUSTUS LA FONTAINE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

VOL. III.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

FAMILY OF HALDEN.

CHARLES now learned, to his great diſappointment, in what manner the law-ſuit, from which he had hoped ſo much, had ended. The old count ſpoke with much eſteem of the major, and even of young Hennig; and that he was in earneſt in what he ſaid, Charles was ſufficiently convinced by the ſilence of the old lady, the count's couſin, and the manner in which ſhe drew up her mouth. He mentioned his brother in the preſence of Louiſa, and rejoiced not a little that ſhe ſaid nothing of the hated Hennig; yet her embarraſſment might have ſhewn him that ſhe could have ſaid a great deal. Louiſa, however, was cautiouſly ſilent. She knew that Charles hated his brother: it was im-

poſſible, therefore, that ſhe ſhould tell him what had paſſed between Hennig and her, and that ſhe had been in fact more pleaſed than offended.

The ſcene with the charming Louiſa had awakened in Hennig the moſt pleaſing ſenſations. He rode home with peculiar content and ſatisfaction, and ſpoke ſo highly of the count and his generous behaviour, that every ſpark of reſentment vaniſhed from the heart of the major. Why Hennig, who in general was ſincerity itſelf, appeared on this occaſion to ſwerve a little from his character, muſt be left to nature to explain.

The road was now opened, though not entered on. Every thing ſoon returned to its former ſituation, as what remained to be done relative to the meadow was to be tranſacted by writing. The impreſſion, therefore, which Hennig and Louiſa had made on each other, found now too little nouriſhment, and would certainly have been eraſed, had it not been ſtrengthened

by

by ſome important trifles. Louiſa could not be entirely ſilent with reſpect to the ſcene that had paſſed between her and Hennig. She therefore told her waiting-maid the adventure with the canary-bird—You know, ſaid ſhe, one cannot think of, or foreſee, every thing, nor muſt one be uncivil and rude—He has the moſt delicate lips, too, that is certain: they are as red as a roſe. And Oh! Suſan! he has ſuch fine eyes. And his manner is ſo eaſy and natural: he ſeems as if he ſcarcely knew what he did when he preſſes one's hand, or kiſſes one's arm. His brother, on the contrary, when he offers to take my hand, ſeems as if he ſaid—You know my meaning;—and the good old lady, our couſin, comes into my head directly; but with the other I never think of her till it is too late.

The waiting-maid laughed, and thought, There certainly can be no harm in giving one's hand or granting a kiſs to a worthy young man who is ſo handſome as Hennig—There can be no harm in it, ſaid ſhe; for

ſuppoſe it were the will of Heaven, lady Louiſa, that you ſhould be aſked, Wilt thou go with this man ?——Ah ! there is nothing impoſſible.

Louiſa bluſhed, broke off the converſation, and reſolved never again to ſay any thing on the ſubject to her waiting-maid.

Suſan, however, the firſt opportunity, related what had paſſed to her dear game-keeper ; who, in his turn, the firſt time he met with Hennig, with many ſignificant laughs, hems, and pauſes, repeated the whole to him. Hennig was well convinced the game-keeper's hints had ſome foundation in fact, for how elſe could he have known of the ſcene with the canary-bird ? In his converſation with Louiſa, Hennig had meant nothing ; but now, from what the game-keeper had ſaid, vanity and imagination began to work on the ductile materials afforded by this little occurrence. He now recollected how white and beautiful Louiſa's arm was, and that the ſugar between her lips was deliciouſly ſweet. The

delicate

delicate hand which ſhe had placed upon his breaſt, excited in it a violent but pleaſing palpitation. He did not tell the game-keeper all that paſſed in his mind, but only anſwered, that Louiſa was certainly a very handſome and lovely girl. The game-keeper modelled theſe words after his own faſhion, and carried them to the pretty waiting-maid, who again gave them a new turn, and ſuch as, on conſulting her own feelings, ſhe thought would render them moſt agreeable. In this manner, the words of Hennig at length reached lady Louiſa. There is nothing more flattering to the vanity of human nature, than to learn the approbation and love of a perſon from a third or fourth hand: it then not only obtains a triumph, but witneſſes to that triumph.

Louiſa, however, expreſſed ſurpriſe, that Hennig ſhould talk in that manner to the game-keeper; but Suſan, to repair the miſtake which ſhe was afraid ſhe had committed, immediately replied: Your lady-

ſhip muſt not ſuppoſe that he ſaid this bluntly and abruptly—Quite otherwiſe. He at firſt only aſked how your ladyſhip did; and, when he had been anſwered, ſat thoughtful and ſighing; which made the game-keeper aſk him whether any thing was the matter? But he only ſighed and ſhook his head. He then began again to talk of your ladyſhip, and ſaid you were as beautiful as an angel; and wiſhed that, like the game keeper, he could live always in the ſame houſe with you.—How happy you are! ſaid he to him; you can ſee your young, handſome, lovely miſtreſs every day.—And now Suſan proceeded to repeat what ſhe had ſaid before; and added, that Hennig was quite in raptures with the lovely Louiſa's arm, her lips, and the piece of ſugar.

So! replied Louiſa, this is ſomething more. She, however, found in herſelf no diſinclination to believe all ſhe had been told. She thought ſhe ſaw Hennig ſitting melancholy and ſighing, and the image

was ſtrongly impreſſed on her heart.—She, likewiſe, now began to ſigh, and ſeek to be alone.

Charles had long been received with familiarity at Ranſleben, and yet he had never been able to make a ſimilar impreſſion on Louiſa. This may be very naturally accounted for. He had flattered her, it is true, and often with delicacy and ingenuity; but it was always in the cuſtomary mode. He endeavoured to obtain her favour, but he was evidently at the ſame time as anxious to ingratiate himſelf with the count and the old lady. Now nothing is leſs pleaſing to a female, than to ſhare the homage paid her by her lover with another. Charles was polite, but cold and formal; as it was neceſſary he ſhould be to gain the favour of the count. He therefore never found himſelf in that ſituation with Louiſa in which chance had placed Hennig. Louiſa, beſides, could not forget the fall of Emilia into the water, and the very different conduct of the two bro-

thers on that occaſion. The old lady, the count's couſin, indeed, frequently talked a great deal of Charles, as the waiting-maid had lately of Hennig; but in what manner?—Mr. Halden is a very ſenſible, ſober young man, with whom any diſcreet young lady might make herſelf very happy. He behaves himſelf always with the greateſt propriety and politeneſs. What a contraſt between him and his brother, who is ſo wild, I wonder he does not break his neck!—The chamber-maid coloured her portrait in a very different ſtyle—Hennig was melancholy, and ſighed; and wiſhed himſelf in the place of the game-keeper, who had the happineſs to ſee the beautiful, lovely lady Louiſa every day. In fine, the chamber-maid underſtood a thouſand times better than the old lady, how to gain a young man the good will of a young lady.

When the game-keeper went out again, Hennig was waiting for him; for the ſeed he had ſown had fallen on good ground. He now expreſſed himſelf ſomewhat more

diſtinctly.

diſtinctly, and told him that lady Louiſa was continually talking of him. Hennig was ſerious and ſilent, only now and then aſking a queſtion that the diſcourſe might not break off. The game-keeper tranſlated Hennig's ſilence, looks, and ſighs, into ſo many diſtinct words, which he carried to the chamber-maid; from whom Louiſa learned that Hennig was very unhappy; that he could not live without her love, and, if ſhe rejected him, muſt die. All this Suſan enforced by many ſtories of lovers who had died through the cruelty of their miſtreſſes, and whoſe ghoſts afterwards walked; ſo that poor lady Louiſa was greatly affected and diſtreſſed.

In all this neither the chamber-maid nor the game-keeper acted from any fixed plan. They both really loved Louiſa and Hennig, and were willing to gratify them to the utmoſt they were able by this kind of talk, which they eaſily perceived was far from diſagreeable. A little ſelf-intereſt, like-

wiſe, ſoon mingled in the affair. Hennig would now frequently give the game-keeper, inſtead of a florin, a dollar; not for what he had told him of lady Louiſa, but ſome little ſervice in which he had occaſion to employ him; and Suſan perceived that her miſtreſs had never given her ſo many left-off gowns, gloves and ribbands, as ſhe had done for a few weeks paſt. The conſequence was, that both told their ſtories, and made their remarks with more readineſs and zeal.

Theſe little narratives of the game-keeper and the chamber-maid were, if I may uſe the expreſſion, the bridge over which Love paſſed into the breaſts of this youthful pair. Commonly he enters the heart by the eyes; and in the blind by the fingers' ends. In the preſent caſe he entered by the ear.

Louiſa was convinced that Hennig tenderly loved her, and Hennig entertained no doubt but Louiſa felt a ſimilar eſteem

for

for him; yet both trembled with a kind of ſecret inſtinct, at thought of the moment when they were to ſee each other again.

At length the day came. The affair of the meadow was completely ſettled, and the count determined to go over to Sollingen, and return the major thanks in form. The old lady at firſt objected to being one of the party, for ſhe did not wiſh that Louiſa ſhould have another interview with Hennig. Louiſa herſelf ſaid nothing, but only bluſhed when mention was made of her going. The count, however, inſiſted that they muſt all go, or at leaſt that Louiſa muſt, in order that the major might ſee that the family wiſhed to promote a friendly alliance with his houſe. The old lady therefore conſented to go, that ſhe might keep a watchful eye on miſs Louiſa, of whom ſhe began to entertain ſuſpicions.

Suſan dreſſed out her young miſtreſs as if ſhe were going to be married, talking of Hennig all the while, and in ſuch a manner that Louiſa, though half vexed, could not

forbear laughing.—Now, miſs, only mind, when he firſt ſees you, how he'll bluſh and tremble, and not be able to get a word out —Then recollect what I have ſaid: and be kind and tender to him.

Louiſa got into the carriage with a palpitating heart. She ſaid not a word all the way, but bluſhed like ſcarlet when ſhe heard her father ſay, There is Sollingen. When the coach drove into the court-yard, ſhe felt the moſt anxious and confuſed emotions, and was very near falling as ſhe was getting out.

The major was coming down the ſteps to go into the garden juſt as they entered. He received the ſtrangers, and conducted them, without noiſe, to ſurpriſe his family, who were ſitting in a back apartment. As often as he looked, with a ſmile, on Louiſa, ſhe bluſhed, but did not ſpeak a word.

The major now opened the door. The count and the old lady entered; but Louiſa, who was led by the major, hung back as much as ſhe could. She had not the cou-

rage

rage to lift up her eyes, but ſtood trembling at the door, hanging down her head to hide her bluſhes.—Hennig, ſaid the major, there is ſhe who ſtood god-mother with you. Louiſa now looked up, and ſaw Hennig ſtanding oppoſite to her, bluſhing, trembling, and with ſparkling eyes, which he immediately caſt to the ground when they met hers—exactly as the chamber-maid had told her, only much handſomer. The compliments that were paſſing, and the buſtle in which the whole company was, prevented the young lovers from being noticed; and when Louiſa cautiouſly raiſed her eyes a ſecond time, Hennig had diſappeared. In fact, it was neceſſary that he ſhould take a moment to recollect himſelf from the ſurpriſe, into which the ſudden and unexpected arrival of Louiſa had thrown him.

The count now proceeded to return his thanks to the major—Oh! yes, replied he, I am your humble ſervant—I deſerve no thanks. The count conſidered this as merely

merely a polite anſwer; but the major again aſſured him ſo, with an oath.—No, neighbour, ſaid he, I was quite in a paſſion about this buſineſs. I thought you might have conſented that we ſhould have talked the matter over together. It was not neighbourly, that I muſt ſay ſtill; but Hennig—where is he? Call him, Hannah —Louiſa bluſhed)—Hennig ſpoke for an accommodation; and he was in the right; for now I can give you my hand and be glad to ſee you, which I could not have done if I had gone my own hot-headed way. A law-ſuit, even the beſt in the world, is the devil's kettle, in which envy, anger and hatred are all boiled up together. God be praiſed, neighbour, that I had Hennig to adviſe me! There is now another man in the world to whom I can ſay: Thou art my neighbour, my brother, my fellow-man!

The count ſhook his head—I offered you, ſaid he, a friendly accommodation by your nephew of Moorberg; but he brought me

for anſwer, that you refuſed, and were determined on a law-ſuit.

By Charles!—An accommodation!—exclaimed the major—The devil will have full poſſeſſion of that fellow's heart while he lives and breathes! Be not offended, neighbour: 'tis painful enough to me to be obliged to ſpeak ſo of my brother's ſon; but it is the truth!—He then ſtood conſidering for ſome moments—Hem, ſaid he, I now recollect that he once aſked me whether I were inclined to part with the meadow—ſpeaking, as I thought, as if my brother at Moorberg had ſome inclination to it. I ſaid No, as certainly I muſt, for how could I give or diſpoſe of any thing in which the devil had fixed his claws by a law-ſuit? And ſo he told you that I was determined on a law-ſuit? Gracious heaven! I could almoſt believe that Charles would be glad to get me entangled in a law-ſuit, becauſe he knows that a law-ſuit would be the death of me. No, I will not imagine him to be ſo bad as that neither.

Hennig now entered the room with little Hannah—Piſh! ſaid the major, which ſomewhat alarmed Hennig, as he began to fancy they were talking of him and Louiſa —But where did you go to, my dear boy? added the major. Were you not highly pleaſed that your fair partner in the ſprinkling adventure ſhould come to viſit us again? Go pay your compliments to her —Why, what in the world, Hennig, is the matter with you? You bluſh as if your face had taken fire, and tremble like an aſpen leaf. What is the matter with him, Hannah?

I found him in his room, papa, ſaid the little girl, I thought he had been crying. At firſt he would not come, but I was reſolved not to leave him till he did.

Poor Louiſa! Thus did one ſtroke after another aſſail thy heart!—She would willingly have lifted her eyes, but ſhe felt that they were no more ſecure from tears than Hennig's. Fearful that the major ſhould likewiſe aſk her what was the matter with her,

her, ſhe ſtarted up to look for her work-bag. What are you looking for, my dear? ſaid the major's lady. My work, anſwered Louiſa—Oh, I muſt have left it in the carriage—and away ſhe ran to the door.—Hennig, ſaid the major, run and fetch it. Stay here, child—calling to Louiſa, who, however, ran like a deer, Hennig following her.

Louiſa ſeemed to fly when ſhe heard Hennig behind her. She jumped into the coach, but forgot what ſhe was come to look for. Hennig ſtood before the ſtep. She threw herſelf on the ſeat, and caſt a tender anxious glance at the youth.—What do you ſeek, miſs Louiſa? aſked Hennig with a tremulous voice, mounting the ſtep. He addreſſed her with the tender confuſion of paſſion. Louiſa's eye was moiſt, and through her tears ſhone the moſt delicate love. He fixed his eyes on her, and ſighed profoundly: ſhe caſt hers down, and ſighed likewiſe. Scarcely thinking what he did, he offered his hand to her, and ſhe, trembling,

bling, extended hers. He now ſprang into the carriage, and ſeated himſelf by her. Their hands trembled, and Hennig ſighed again :—Louiſa! ſaid he, tenderly and in a low voice. He preſſed her hand, and in her confuſion ſhe did the ſame by his, but more ſlightly—Louiſa! ſaid he again, with a ſigh, and lifted her trembling hand to his lips.

Louiſa wiſhed to withdraw her hand, for ſhe found her confuſion increaſe; but Hennig, who had now riſen up, and only lightly leaned againſt the ſeat, held it faſt. In the attempt ſhe drew him to her, and he ſank on her breaſt. A haſty ardent kiſs was at once ſnatched and given, with glowing lips, neither knew how. Louiſa raiſed her arm to put him from her; but he embraced her, and preſſed his lips to hers—Oh Halden! ſhe tenderly whiſpered, while her arms encircled him, and her lips, in like manner preſſed his.—The little Hannah now came and opened the coach-door, and the two lovers, ſtarting, were immediately

rouſed from their trance. Where are you? cried Hannah. My papa has been enquiring for you.—Oh, added ſhe, Hennig, ſhall we go and ſwing, or walk in the garden? The child's queſtion afforded them both time to recover themſelves a little, and they agreed to go into the garden. Little Hannah, who had taken hold of Louiſa's hand, was obliged to lead them both, for they could not ſee their way.

Hennig ſlunk like a criminal behind Louiſa. He was confounded at the recollection of his temerity in preſſing her to his breaſt without ſpeaking a word—What muſt ſhe think of me? ſaid he to himſelf, with the moſt perplexing anxiety. Ah, had ſhe but caſt on me a ſingle kind glance, that I might know ſhe is not offended!

Louiſa, on the other hand, likewiſe diſtreſſed herſelf with ſimilar reproaches.—What will he think of me? Will he not deſpiſe me? I wiſh I could look on him again. This indeed they both wiſhed, though neither dared to meet the other's

eyes.

eyes. Little Hannah, in the mean time, prattled as ſhe pleaſed, for neither of her companions anſwered her. Louiſa followed her with glowing cheeks, and unable to attend to any thing but her awkward ſituation, while Hennig came after, abſorbed in a ſimilar reverie.

Louiſa could not prevail on herſelf to turn back, becauſe ſhe muſt then meet Hennig full in the face: ſhe therefore walked on quite to the bottom of the garden, and then proceeded into a walk which led to the canal of Sollingen. O Hennig, cried the little girl, ſhall we go on the water? Here is the boat: and immediately jumped into it; while Louiſa and Hennig followed, almoſt without thinking what they did. Juſt as they were going to puſh off, little Hannah cried out: Good lack! how fooliſhly forgetful I am? Only wait a little—In a moment ſhe jumped out of the boat, and ran like a lapwing up the alley into the garden. Hennig ſtopped ſome moments, but Louiſa ſaying nothing

(for

(for the poor girl was ſtill in too much confuſion to ſpeak), he puſhed from the land, and rowed out into the cana.

The lovers now ſat oppoſite to each other, in ſilence, and with downcaſt eyes. At laſt, Hennig ventured to caſt a glance at Louiſa, and perceived in her face a kind of mild melancholy, but neither anger nor hatred. Louiſa obſerved that he looked at her, and thought ſhe muſt now ſay ſomething—Is the canal deep? ſaid ſhe. Yes, in the middle, replied Hennig. After ſome pauſe, ſhe again ſaid: I think it very pleaſant when the boat goes faſt. Hennig immediately rowed with all his might, till the ſweat poured down his face. It is very warm, ſaid he, at laſt. She then looked at him, and perceived how hard he had rowed—Oh! Mr. Halden, ſaid ſhe, you will fatigue yourſelf too much. Hennig now dropped the oar, and they both ſat occaſionally ſtealing glances at each other. There is a pleaſant ſhade, ſaid Louiſa, preſently after, pointing to a row of beautiful

poplars

poplars on the ſhore. Hennig rowed towards the ſpot; and now the ſun ſhone in his eyes. To bring the boat up, the long pole was neceſſary, to get at which he was obliged to paſs Louiſa. The boat rocked. Louiſa, alarmed, held faſt to Hennig and cried out from fear.—Oh heavens! exclaimed he, what has happened?—He put his arms round her that ſhe might not fall, and ſtood leaning over her. Her confuſion now increaſed. Will you not ſit down? ſaid ſhe; and he immediately ſat down by her, on the narrow ſeat of the boat. Louiſa, who had ſeldom been on the water, turned her face from the proſpect, to which ſhe was unaccuſtomed, towards her lover, who threw both his arms around her and preſſed her to his beating heart.

The wind drove the boat for ſome time along the ſhore, under the beauteous poplars, the two lovers ſpeaking not a word. Louiſa, who felt the palpitating heart of Hennig beat againſt her arm, had turned her face from him towards the ſhore;

but

but ſhe was now become more compoſed; ſhe leaned upon his breaſt with confidence, and, when he took her hand, did not withdraw it.

The cool ſhade of the branching poplars, the clear water, tranſparent to the bottom, and the ſlow ſoft rocking of the boat, ſhed a kind of enchantment over the ſcene. At length the boat drove into a ſmall creek, all overgrown with high buſhes. It was ſtopped by the branches of trees that met from the oppoſite ſides; and Louiſa ſaid: We have reached the ſhore. Hennig immediately took her in his arms to lift her out of the boat, but the buſhes formed a thick hedge; and Hennig now firſt perceived that he was alone wtth Louiſa in a gently rocking boat, beneath the fragrant branches of thick overhanging trees.

How enchanting was the moment! Below them was the clear water of the canal, there ſo ſhallow that its bottom was diſtinctly viſible; above them a canopy of ſpreading branches; around them buſhes which excluded

cluded the broad light, and produced a kind of mild twilight; before them the clear ſurface of the canal gently ruffled by the wind, behind them the nightingale, while at their feet the water beat ſoftly againſt the boat: and they in this paradiſe alone; and a few moments before in each other's embraces.—Oh! how pleaſant it is here! ſaid Hennig. Extremely pleaſant, indeed; ſaid Louiſa. And, hark! there is the nightingale! Oh! I could ſtay here for ever.

Hennig liſtened, but half turned towards Louiſa. His looking at her again ſomewhat confuſed her; ſhe, therefore, roſe up and ſaid: It is ſtill pleaſanter there. She then went forwards in the boat, and ſat down where the ſeat was narrower—Yes, ſaid Hennig, there the branches are thicker, and followed her, in the ſame artleſs manner. She made room for him to ſit down, as he could not ſtand upright for the boughs; and now was their ſituation more critical. To be able to ſit, they muſt ſit

very

very close: they could not avoid looking at each other, nor indeed could they see any thing else for the thick shade of the branches. Two fiends must here have embraced. Louisa and Hennig, whose breath mingled, blushed, but at the same time smiled, with a kind of doubtful smile. He threw his arm around her, and she clung closer to him. O Louisa! said he, now, more boldly, and pressed her tenderly to his heart. She embraced him, first timidly, then more freely, and at last more tenderly. He took and he received kisses. The nightingale sang her most melodious bridal song; the branches lightly waved and shed their fragrant blossoms on the two lovers, while the reflection of the sun's rays from the water gently illuminated the deep shade of the overhanging trees. Thus did Hennig and Louisa, the boat rocking with every new embrace, bind fast the bond of an eternal love.

This contract was first sealed with innumerable kisses, then with sighs, and lastly

with words—O my Louiſa!—My Halden! My lovely, my inexpreſſibly beloved Louiſa!—My own, my own Halden!

At this moment the little Hannah was heard calling—Hennig, where are you?—Hennig immediately took the pole, puſhed the boat off from among the buſhes and branches, and, rowing to Hannah, took her in. Louiſa ſat at the head of the boat, Hennig at the ſtern, and Hannah in the middle. The lovers were pleaſed at the preſence of the little girl; for now could they firſt feel that happineſs the weight of which had before oppreſſed their hearts. Delightful bleſſed minutes, in which they were ſilent, while in thought they plunged into the boundleſs ſea of pleaſure!—Oh, gracious Providence! exclaimed Hennig, raiſing his hands to heaven. Oh, happy moments! exclaimed he, again, with ſparkling eyes, and a ſmile expreſſive of ecſtatic joy. Hannah looked at him with aſtoniſhment; while Louiſa raiſed her hands as in reply, with a countenance in which the moſt

delicious

delicious ſatisfaction was depictured; while a ſigh of rapture burſt from her heart overwhelmed with happineſs. Hannah turned quick towards her. Hennig ſaw her; the oar fell from his hand; and he roſe up to ruſh into her open arms.—You and miſs Louiſa, ſaid Hannah, act comedy together excellently. Hennig immediately reſumed the oar, and Louiſa drew her hat over her face.

Hennig now rowed as faſt as he could for the ſhore, which he ſoon reached. He leaped out of the boat, and took Louiſa in his arms. The lovers continued for ſome time locked in each other's arms, without once thinking of Hannah, who at laſt cried out: Why, Hennig! what's the matter with you to-day? Why don't you make the chain faſt? Hennig now faſtened the boat, and, taking the trembling arm of Louiſa, walked with her along the ſhore, under the ſilver poplars. They gazed on each other, and each preſſed the hand of the other

 with

with the tendereſt emotion and delight. Frequently they ſtood ſtill; and Hannah was obliged to tell them ten times over to go on.

I cannot think what is the matter with you to-day, Hennig, ſaid the little girl.—Matter with me, my dear child! ſaid he, taking her in his arms, and kiſſing her; I ſhould be the moſt miſerable creature in the world, were I not as I am. Oh! exclaimed he with a trembling voice, while the tears fell from his eyes, Oh! I could pierce my heart, and pour out a part of my happineſs with my blood! Yes, I could be willing to die, ſo happy am I!

Louiſa looked on him with eyes expreſſive of the tendereſt affection: ſhe reached out to him one hand, and laid the other on her palpitating boſom. She could not ſpeak; but a tender ſmile explained the feelings of her heart.

Oh! ſaid Hannah, pulling Louiſa by the gown, I am quite uneaſy; nobody at home

home knows where we are; and I came away without leave. Do let us go, lady Louiſa.

This brought the lovers a little to their recollection; and to pacify Hannah, Hennig firſt, and then Louiſa, told her a ſtory. They ſang and played a hundred frolicſome tricks, till Hannah became as playful and merry as they could wiſh. Louiſa whiſpered to Hennig to be ſilent and cautious—I will, by means of the game-keeper, ſaid ſhe, as ſhe entered the garden—when ſhe directly ſaw the old lady, her father's couſin, coming down the walk, along with the major's lady.

Louiſa, very artleſsly, told her that they had been on the water in a boat; and Hennig played about the garden with little Hannah, that ſhe might not add any remarks to Louiſa's ſtory—But, ſaid Louiſa, the ſun was too hot on the water. You are very much heated, ſaid the major's lady. As for Hennig, he is uſed to it, and can bear it. Miſs Hannah, replied Louiſa,

was very deſirous to go on the water, and I did not wiſh to deprive her of the pleaſure. The converſation then ſoon turned to ſome other ſubject.

Hennig wandered among the buſhes on one ſide of the garden, and Louiſa walked up and down in ſilence on the other. Both now enjoyed the higheſt happineſs. They had yet never known care or trouble, their life had been one even ſcene of content and cheerfulneſs; they had lately, for a ſhort time, experienced ſomething like uneaſineſs; and, ſuddenly, without any preparation, they had paſſed from it, in the arms of each other, not to a calm happineſs, but to indeſcribable bliſs, of which before they had formed no conception. Had their hearts been made of the moſt diſſimilar materials, the warmth of their feelings would have melted them into one. But their ſouls ſo reſembled each other, the feelings of their hearts were ſo like; they could not but love the moment they had communication together, the inſtant they had

had courage to tell one another what they felt. Their ſouls were ſo pure, all their ſentiments ſo benevolent, that they could have nothing to conceal from each other. The truly good are naturally open and undiſguiſed; they keep no ſecrets becauſe they have none.

Louiſa and Hennig walked in this manner, at a diſtance from each other, for a conſiderable time. The old lady was very much pleaſed to find that they took ſo little notice of one another. The major was as much diſpleaſed at the neglect with which he thought Hennig treated the young lady; and, meeting Seibold, ſaid to him: Do you ſee how Hennig walks alone there, and notices nobody? I have no patience with him. They will think he has not the ſenſe to tell what two and two make.

Who knows what he may be telling now? ſaid Seibold, laughing.

Hennig, ſoon after, chanced to meet Seibold in one of the walks, alone. He immediately threw himſelf into his arms,

ſighed deeply, and then tore himſelf away as ſuddenly. Seibold was at firſt greatly ſurpriſed; but obſerving the penſive manner in which Louiſa walked in another part of the garden, and examining her eyes, he began to conjecture the truth pretty nearly. He took little Hannah aſide, and queſtioned her about what had paſſed on the water; and his ſuſpicions were converted into certainty. He would immediately have communicated his diſcovery to the major, had he not been reſtrained by an expreſſion the latter had let fall in a converſation, in which the marriage of Hennig happened to be mentioned: With reſpect to that, ſaid the major, I have my own plan!

Towards evening, when the viſitors were about to return, Louiſa was deſirous to ſpeak to her lover alone. With her, the new feelings excited in her heart were much more diſtinctly defined than with Hennig, for—ſhe was a female, and her waiting-maid had talked to her a great deal about love.

She

She carried her ideas one ſtep farther, and conſidered herſelf as already Hennig's wife, though ſhe ſaw many obſtacles to ſtruggle with. The old lady had frequently expreſſed, and pretty plainly, ſuch expectations as were not very compatible with her love for Hennig. She likewiſe knew how great a favourite Charles was with her father, and what an opinion he entertained of the major and Hennig. From all theſe conſiderations, ſhe thought it would be proper to recommend ſilence and caution to Hennig. She made a ſign to him, and ran into the houſe, as if to fetch ſomething that ſhe had forgotten. Hennig haſtened after her, and they were ſoon in each other's arms. Louiſa haſtily exclaimed: Oh! Hennig, I love you! Oh! I cannot tell you how much!—But my father—my couſin—they will not.

Hennig ſeized her hand—If *you*, if *you* love me, Louiſa, I am, indeed, happy; every thing elſe is contemptible—Reſolution and eternal conſtancy muſt conquer

every difficulty. Wilt thou be faithful to me, Louiſa?

Faithful! Faithful unto death—ſaid the excellent girl, giving him her hand—But keep our ſecret, Halden—I will ſend you information how affairs go on. True to you I will aſſuredly be—(ſhe took a ring from her finger and preſſed it on his breaſt) Yes, Halden, I will impreſs this ring on thy heart—But be ſilent and cautious, elſe all our hopes may be loſt.

Hennig took the ring, and viewed it with tumultuous delight.—I have no ring, my dear Louiſa—but I have a heart, and that is thine—eternally thine, Louiſa. I cannot deſcribe to you what I feel. A ſweet anguiſh, a painful joy, an obſcure confuſion here and here—(pointing to his forehead and his breaſt)—Oh! Louiſa, how I love thee! With theſe words he again threw his arms around her, and preſſed her, moſt ardently, to his heart.

The rattling of the coach, which now drew up, rouſed them from the rapture of this

this embrace, and they both hurried down ſtairs. By the way Louiſa again whiſpered to her lover to be ſilent; and he, preſſing her hand, replied—Conſtancy.

The count and the old lady now ſoon came. When the coach drove away, Hennig ſeemed to have loſt all ſenſe. He ran into the garden without regarding his uncle, who was calling him, flew to the canal, rowed to the ſpot where he had been ſo happy, and there paſſed whole hours in reverie. He did not return home till it was very late, and then went to bed without having ſeen any perſon in the houſe; for, on this day, the delicious pleaſure of knowing that he was beloved by his Louiſa, had effaced every thing elſe from his memory.

The next morning Hennig ſhewed himſelf with the family for a moment, but took little notice of any one, ſcarcely ſpoke a word, ſeemed loſt in thought, and was preſently gone no one knew whither.

Some misfortune, or ſome particular

good fortune, has happened to him, ſaid the major, who had watched him attentively in one of his reveries, Heaven grant it may be the latter!—No perſon has given him cauſe of offence, ſurely? added he, looking, with a kind of ſuſpicion, at his wife, the elder Hennig, and Seibold, one after the other; but the anſwering looks he met were ſo open and friendly, that they effectually removed every idea of the kind. —You know, Seibold, ſaid he, that yeſterday, in the garden, I bid you notice how he walked up and down, biting his nails—Good heavens! ſhould any accident have happened to the youth!—And did you not ſee too how ſtrangely he looked when the Eſpenbruchs got into the coach? He ſeemed to be enraged at every thing about him—And how he ran away into the garden, notwithſtanding my calling him! I thought, at firſt, ſome of the Eſpenbruchs had offended him; but he was the ſame before they came—exactly, in ſhort, like one bewitched.

That's

That's very true, ſaid Seibold, he was the ſame before they came. The remark ſtruck him, becauſe it weakened his conjecture that Hennig's behaviour proceeded from a paſſion he had conceived for Louiſa. But he now recollected that he had been ſubject to theſe fits of abſence for a full month before. Seibold then communicated to the major his idea on the ſubject; that the handſome Louiſa might poſſibly be the cauſe of Hennig's extraordinary behaviour; and told him what he had learned from Hannah, with reſpect to what had paſſed on the water.—The major immediately turned pale as death. God forbid! cried he—that would be the greateſt misfortune that could befall me.—But, ſaid the major's lady, Hennig has behaved in the ſame way for ſome time before yeſterday; lady Louiſa may, therefore, very probably, not be the cauſe of it.—Let us hope ſhe is not, ſaid the major, recovering his cheerfulneſs. His daughter coming in at the ſame moment,

he

he took her up in his arms, and kiſſed her with much emotion.

Hennig, in the mean time, had wandered almoſt to Ranſleben. There he met with his old acquaintance the game-keeper, who, with a ſly ſignificant laugh, put into his hands a ſealed paper without a direction. Hennig took it with a trembling hand, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and without once aſking from whom it came. He felt a kind of ſhame at ſeeing the game-keeper laugh—I know, ſaid he, with a ſort of ſtammer, lady Louiſa was to ſend my aunt a ſong.—Oh! it is a ſong, is it? ſaid the game-keeper. Miſs, herſelf, ſaid it was a pattern to be worked. —Perhaps it is, ſaid Hennig, not a little confuſed.—He gave the game-keeper all the money he had about him, and haſtened, as ſoon as he was out of ſight, into the thickeſt of the wood.

Louiſa, when ſhe returned home on the preceding day, had immediately retired

tired to her chamber, and it was not long before her waiting-maid was with her.—Louiſa ran to embrace her; but, recollecting herſelf, bluſhed, turned away coldly, and ſaid, in a kind of diſſatisfied manner, I think I will go and take a walk; this has been a long tedious day. The waiting-maid now began to aſk queſtions. Louiſa attempted to be very reſerved, though ſhe betrayed herſelf a hundred times. The maid laughed, and Louiſa, half out of temper, ſent her away, that ſhe might reflect on her happineſs, and enjoy it alone. For a while ſhe continued abſorbed in thought; then ſhe would ſpring up and dance; then relapſe again into a kind of melancholy. Sometimes ſhe would ſing a lively air, but preſently ſtop, recollecting that ſhe could now expect to ſee Hennig but very ſeldom. This thought, indeed, ſeemed to counterbalance the happineſs ſhe had enjoyed with him the day before, and her invention was now completely employed in forming plans how ſhe might

might ſpeak to him. At length ſhe recollected that the chamber-maid, when ſhe could not ſee the game-keeper for ſome time, would write to him, and that ſhe herſelf had furniſhed her with the materials. Yes, cried ſhe, delighted, I will write. Immediately ſhe ſat down to carry her reſolution into effect, and continued writing till almoſt the middle of the night. She firſt wrote a few words, and then ſat thinking for a quarter of an hour; then ſhe wrote again, but only a few words as before. At length ſhe finiſhed and ſealed up her letter. But now the difficulty was, how to convey it to her lover; for ſhe was determined not to diſcover her ſecret to Suſan. She once was half reſolved to tear it to pieces; but too many dear and tender ideas were connected with this epiſtle, for her to deal by it ſo harſhly.

The next morning ſhe gave the letter to her maid, turning her face from her at the ſame time, and ſaying: Here is a pattern that major Halden's lady deſired me to ſend her.

her. If the game-keeper ſhould happen to ſee young Mr. Halden to-day——Here ſhe ſtopped, and could not bring out another word.

Suſan felt herſelf piqued at this ſecrecy; and, taking the letter, ſaid, juſt as ſhe went out at the door: The old lady is going to ſend to Sollingen; I will give her the letter to incloſe in her parcel.—For Heaven's ſake, don't! cried Louiſa, running after her to get the letter from her.—Well, but, my dear lady, ſaid Suſan ſmiling, why ſo reſerved to me? You know that I will be faithful to you at the riſk of my life. You will write again and again, and at laſt I muſt know all.—Louiſa now burſt into tears, and, throwing her arms round Suſan's neck, exclaimed, Oh! I am very unhappy!—She took the letter again, ſaying, ſhe would not ſend it; but Suſan ſnatched it from her, and ran with it out of the room.

As ſoon as Hennig had got into the thick part

part of the wood, he opened the letter, and read, with rapturous delight, as follows:

"Yes, my dear beloved Halden, I will be true to you while life ſhall remain.

"I have read this again. Ah! I ought not to write ſo! Bluſhes overſpread my face. I am ready to tear the paper I have begun to write on, for what muſt you think of a girl who can write to you in this manner? But I have firmly reſolved to tell you every thing exactly as it paſſes in my heart. You ſee by this how much I love you.

"Yet can I not tell you all I feel. Do not, however, attribute this to my being ſuſpicious, or to a want of ſincerity. Before I began to write, I vowed to myſelf that I would always declare to you the pure truth —Yes, dear Halden, the tears flow ſo faſt into my eyes that I can ſcarcely ſee the words I write.

"I cannot deſcribe to you what I feel. A kind of ſweet confuſion, the higheſt happineſs, and a continual inclination to ſigh and

and weep fill my heart. Theſe are all ſo intermingled in my breaſt, that I do not, for a ſingle moment, really know whether I am happy or unhappy. My heart ſeems ſo full it is ready to burſt.

"I frequently open the window, dear Halden, to admit the air, that I may be enabled to breathe more freely. Then I ſtretch out my arms towards Sollingen, and my heart ſeems ready to fly thither out of my boſom. I call on your name aloud, and relieve myſelf by weeping. But, fondly as I wiſh your company, I feel that I enjoy a milder, gentler happineſs while alone in my chamber. Yes, I muſt be alone to be able to feel and enjoy my happineſs.

" I have already employed a full hour in writing only theſe few lines.

" A thouſand thoughts ruſh at once into my mind, mingle and perpetually ſucceed each other. Sometimes I am with you in the coach, in the boat, under the poplars, or in the chamber where we laſt took leave. I can remember nothing, yet recollect every thing.

thing. At this moment I am preſent at the ſcene on the water, beneath the ſpreading branches, while the nightingale ſang ſo ſweetly. Scarcely have I imagined this, when I ſeem to be with you in the carriage; and preſently after I am with you ſomewhere elſe. All theſe images ariſe and paſs away like clouds driven by the wind. I bluſh and hold my hands before my face, when I think how I preſſed you to my heart; and I wiſh that I had never gone to Sollingen. But a moment after I am again ſo delighted and happy, that I cannot contain my joy; my heart expands, and I ſeem as if I deſpiſed earth, and could mount to the heavens.

"Surely I love differently from other mortals; for, if they loved as I do, how could they ever be untrue? That I ſhould be ſo, dear Halden, is certainly impoſſible; I ſhall be true to thee, I feel I ſhall, till death. My heart will leap from my breaſt to meet thee—I can write no more——Thy Louiſa, thy Louiſa, until death."

She

She ſealed the letter, and in a moment after knew not what ſhe had written. Had ſhe recollected every thing in it, ſhe would, perhaps, have conſidered again before ſhe ſent it. But ſhe had promiſed her lover to be true to him; and, in her innocence, ſhe believed that ſhe ought to conceal from him nothing that paſſed in her heart. She therefore finiſhed her letter, though ſhe had frequently been covered with bluſhes while writing it.

Hennig read this letter with inexpreſſible delight, moiſtened it with tears of joy, preſſed it to his lips and heart, and, kneeling down, ſwore the tendereſt love and eternal fidelity to his dear, dear Louiſa; and now, intoxicated with love, and tranſported with joy, he haſtened home.

Without ſaying a word to any perſon, he went firſt to his chamber to write an anſwer to Louiſa. Scarcely had he ſat down when the major entered and ſaid, in a mild tone of voice: Hennig, is any thing the matter with you?

With

With me! ſaid the youth with ſurpriſe, throwing himſelf on the neck of his good uncle. With me! Oh! I am the happieſt man on the face of the earth, deareſt, beſt, moſt generous, and kindeſt uncle! Oh! ſo happy that I can ſcarcely breathe or ſpeak.

But, deareſt, beſt, moſt generous, and kindeſt nephew, will you be ſo good as tell me what has rendered you thus happy?

Hennig conſidered for a moment, and then, ſuddenly turning to his uncle, anſwered: Yes, I will tell you, deareſt, beſt, kindeſt——

Deareſt, beſt, fooliſheſt ſimpleton!—Be ſo kind, Hennig, as to tell me what has happened without this long-winded preamble! What can it be? Is your mother reconciled to you? Tell me, my deareſt, good, honeſt Hennig!

The beauteous lady Louiſa loves me! that deareſt and moſt amiable girl! Oh! I am ſo happy!

The major turned pale, ſhook his head, walked

walked ſlowly to the door, which he opened, and ſaid, with ſerioufneſs, That will never do!

Hennig remained, as if entranced, looking towards the door, without noticing what he heard or ſaw; till at length his eyes glancing on Louiſa's letter, he read it again, forgot every thing elſe, and ſat down to the table to write an anſwer.

The major, ſtill pale with diſquietude and anger, went and took his ſeat at his window, and, when his lady aſked him what was the matter with him, made a ſign to her with his hand not to diſturb him. Seibold went to Hennig, found him writing, and offered to ſpeak to him; but the latter prevented him, ſaying with a ſmile: Let me entreat you, Seibold, to permit me to be alone for about an hour.

Seibold returned to the major's apartment, ſhaking his head. What is he doing, Seibold? aſked the major.—He is writing, ſir, replied the former; I do not perceive that any thing is the matter with him.

Matter with him! ſaid the major: No, no; but there is enough the matter with me, good Seibold. Tell him, however—but, no; he will find it out. He cannot wiſh to occaſion my death in return for the affection I have had for him! I muſt firſt conſider what is juſt and right. I will to-day dine alone with Hannah; you, Seibold, muſt dine with little Hannah and Hennig in his room. Every thing will, I doubt not, go well at laſt; but every now and then ſome croſs accident ſeems to happen: however, we muſt try to get over it.—Aye, ſaid the elder Hennig, with an air of confidence, and ſhaking the major by the hand, let us have but patience, and I'll warrant we ſhall get over it.

The whole family by degrees became uneaſy; except Hennig, who ſtill ſat writing and knew nothing of the matter. When preparations were making for laying the table in his room, he obſerved them, and aſked: Are we to dine here? Seibold nodded his head, without ſpeaking; and

Hennig

Hennig went on writing. The ſoup was brought in—How! ſaid he, what only three covers? Where are my uncle and aunt? —They will dine alone. Hennig, with ſurpriſe, looked by turns at all in the room, and now recollected that his uncle had ſaid: That will never do! He was haſtening to the door, but the old huſſar placed himſelf before him, and ſaid: No, no; your uncle will not ſee you, young gentleman. Not ſee me! exclaimed Hennig with aſtoniſhment, not ſee me! Is it poſſible?—I entreat you, let me go to him. Seibold adviſed him to ſtay till after dinner. Your uncle, dear Hennig, ſaid he, has ſomething that weighs on his mind. You know he muſt have time to form his determination. Come, let us go to dinner.

All took their ſeats at the table, but no one either ate or ſpoke. Old Hennig, who from his cuſtom of waiting at table had not ſat down with them, placed himſelf at ſome diſtance from the table,

and talked to himſelf on this ſad occurrence.

My eyes will run over, ſaid he, taking out his handkerchief. Such a day as this I never ſaw before. You all ſeem as ſilent and ſuſpicious as if there were a diſh of poiſon on the table. And my maſter, good heaven! inſtead of eating, cries like a child, while my good lady looks round her in amazement, as if to ſee what has ſo ſuddenly deſtroyed the happineſs of the family. Oh! this is woeful! It cannot be worſe than this at Moorberg, where, when they meet, their cheeks burn like fire, and they cannot look each other in the face becauſe they are all at variance. Now we muſt be the ſame here—ſhame to him who is the cauſe of it! However, this I know, if the ſun goes down before every thing is ſet to rights, I'll take my horſe and begone; for I can never bear to ſee my good old maſter die with grief.

Every word of this ſoliloquy was a dagger

ger to Hennig. My good friend, ſaid he, at laſt, riſing up, you are talking you know not what. I can do every thing for my uncle except, preciſely, what he ſeems to require of me.

So ſays every hypocrite, retorted the old man—I cannot do this, but in every thing elſe I am at your ſervice—My maſter has not done ſo much for me, by far, as he has for you; for I was a lad, and a brave lad, when it firſt pleaſed Heaven I ſhould meet with him; but I ſhould be aſhamed, from my very ſoul, to ſay I cannot do any thing he wiſhes me to do; eſpecially when I ſee that he lays it to heart. No, I thank God, I can do every thing for him; becauſe I love him; every thing.

Could you be guilty of treachery and falſehood at his requeſt? aſked Hennig with ſome warmth.

Treachery and falſehood! exclaimed the old man, advancing with a threatening countenance. By heavens, ſir, did I not think you too inſignificant, I would teach

you what ſuch expreſſions mean. No: this is too much. Do what your uncle requires of you; and when you depart this life you may frankly tell your Maker, My uncle major Halden bad me do ſo and ſo.—Your uncle can never aſk you to do what is not right; but you are conceited and perverſe, and will take upon you to call that wrong which all good honeſt people know to be juſt and right.

Hennig felt the harſhneſs of the words he had uſed, and reached out his hand to the old man with an air of ſubmiſſion. A general ſilence ſucceeded. What had been ſaid by old Hennig, however, convinced the other that he muſt conſider the oppoſition of his uncle to his love for Louiſa as a real obſtacle, and that he muſt ſeriouſly apply himſelf to remove it if poſſible.

Old Hennig now went to the major, and talked to him with as much earneſtneſs as he had before ſpoken his mind in the other room; but with this difference, that

that he now took the part of Hennig.—He is ſtill but a youth, ſaid he, and young people cannot be made to think like old ones. Hennig would riſk his life to ſerve even a ſtranger; it cannot therefore be his wiſh that any miſchief, which God forbid! ſhould happen.

The major liſtened to him a good while, and then began to whiſtle the Deſſau march. When he had ended the tune, the huſſar began again. My good old Hennig, ſaid the major at laſt, you ſhould not deſert me: do you not think that it muſt have grieved king David when he ſaw all the people go after his ſon Abſalom?

Hennig is not an Abſalom, exclaimed the old huſſar; by my ſoul he is not! The boy's heart is at this moment rent with affection and anguiſh.

And mine too, Hennig, mine too. He has no occaſion for any defender or mediator with me.

No? Why then muſt he eat alone? Do you think that he does not feel it?—Poor

fellow! he is not made of iron, believe me!

I feel it much more, my good old friend. But I muſt firſt conſider what is right and juſt. You do not yet know what is the matter. Go and call him and Seibold too; and come back again yourſelf. As for little Hannah, ſhe may go into the garden. We will eat together again this evening; either cheerfully, or with broken hearts.—The major now roſe up, while the big tears fell from his eyes.

The old huſſar ſprang to him, ſeized his hand, preſſed it, wiped his eyes, and left the room. After ſome minutes he returned with young Hennig and Seibold. The major's lady looked on her adopted ſon with moiſt and entreating eyes, and the major turned himſelf round to the window. Hennig threw his arms round him, and ſaid tenderly: Oh my dear uncle, do you turn away from me? Is it come to this? To this is it come?

The major embraced and kiſſed him—

Not

Not from hatred, ſaid he; no, my dear boy, but to hide my grief. Sit down, dear Hennig, and let us all be ſeated; we will conſider this matter calmly and rationally—You muſt do me the juſtice to confeſs, my dear boy, that I have never conſtrained or tyrannized over you, as many parents do. But to-day, I own, I ſhould have been glad could I have ſaid: Thou ſhalt do as I wiſh; and, indeed, in the morning I almoſt did ſay ſo. Do not take it ill, good young man; for, when one has cheriſhed a wiſh for years together, made it the ſubject of morning and evening prayers, conſidered its completion as the ſource of happineſs in life, and of reſt in the grave, it is very hard to give it up—very hard, indeed!

He ſtopped, and looked ſorrowfully on the ground—Yet ſo it is—But you know not yet of what we are talking—Hennig yeſterday fell in love with miſs Louiſa, who is a charming and a good girl certainly; nor do I know the leaſt harm of

her. But, my dear Hennig, I had another plan for you, certainly not an ill one, had you not made your own choice. Yes, I will diſcover to you my whole heart. If you refuſe me this wiſh, if you cannot grant it me (for that you will moſt cheerfully if you can, I well know), if what I ſo earneſtly deſire ſhould not happen, I ſhall not enjoy another happy hour as long as I live. Aſk your aunt if it is not true.

The major's lady immediately roſe, and ſaid, with tears in her eyes—Yes, dear Hennig, it certainly is true. The peace and happineſs of your uncle are in your power. I entreat you to act generouſly and kindly towards him. You know not how much your good uncle lays this matter to heart.

Hennig fixed his eyes upon the ground, and continued a long time ſilent—At length he exclaimed: Oh my dear uncle, if you knew how much I love Louiſa, and how miſerable I ſhould be ſhould another——

Miſerable!

Miſerable! retorted Seibold, ſomewhat ſharply; will it make you miſerable to give eaſe and comfort to the latter days of your uncle? Hennig, Hennig! Is your love for Louiſa, which is only of yeſterday, ſtronger than that you bear your uncle, who has for ſo many years been your friend, your benefactor, your father? Your love for Louiſa, believe me, is a ſhadow, a nothing, a mere accident. But let us hear how you came by it.

Hennig related with impaſſioned ardour, while tears fell from his eyes, all the circumſtances which had inſpired this his firſt paſſion. He ſtood in the middle of the room with his audience before him. The old huſſar was won over to him by the artleſs tale. He ſhook his head, and muttered to himſelf: This is the work of Heaven, I ſee it plainly.

Hennig proceeded in his ſtory, took Louiſa's ring from his boſom, and talked of her engagement to be true till death. Seibold endeavoured to ſhew the folly of

this love; but old Hennig ſaid: No, no, there have been inſtances of perſons who have died for love.

The major ſighed; the old huſſar came up to him and ſaid, in a whiſper: Recollect only, major, how it was with yourſelf.

Hennig produced Louiſa's letter, and read it aloud, to prove to Seibold that ſhe loved him as affectionately as he loved her.

The old huſſar liſtened with increaſed attention, and ſaid, when the letter was ended: Yes, this is love beyond all diſpute. I may call yourſelf to witneſs, major, for it was juſt thus with you; as you told me, with many a ſigh, when I borrowed the powder of my lady. In ſome things there might be a little difference, but miſs Louiſa is the younger; and as to what ſhe ſays about the clouds, that, perhaps, is a little too much; but what will not the warmth of affection make a young girl ſay?

The major ſighed again. I think Seibold

bold may be in the right, ſaid he to Hennig. With me it was otherwiſe. My wife, before I married, was with me every day, and all day long; but you have ſeen Louiſa but twice. My dear boy, do not diſappoint all my hopes. I had intended little Hannah to be your wife. See, dear Hennig, this is the only wiſh I have.

While the major had oppoſed Hennig's paſſion only in general terms, Seibold and the old huſſar had warmly taken his part, becauſe they believed he had ſome reaſons of conſequence for his diſapprobation; but when he mentioned the name of Hannah in this manner, both they and Hennig took courage enough to oppoſe and expoſtulate with him.

Phew! ſaid the old huſſar, aloud and with an air of diſſatisfaction, if that be your plan, I may die ten times before the wedding. He ſaid no more, but began to clear the table. Seibold retired a ſtep backwards, and aſſumed an air which very evidently ſaid that he was reſolved to inter-

meddle no more in the affair. But Hennig, who now felt himſelf in a more advantageous ſituation, advanced a ſtep nearer to his uncle—Hannah, dear uncle, ſaid he, is a good and moſt amiable child—(Yes, a child, cried the old huſſar)—but I love Louiſa. Do you fear then, my worthy uncle, that I can ever ceaſe to be the brother of Hannah? Can I ever forget how dearly you love her? No, that I never can. She ſhared your love with me, and ſhe ſhall one day ſhare every thing, every thing that ſhall be mine, with me.

Seibold and the old huſſar now returned to the charge, and both, now, ſpoke in behalf of Hennig: but the major was immoveable. He anſwered all their objections and reaſonings only by ſhaking his head, and ſaying: It will be my death, ſhouldeſt thou not marry Hannah: it will moſt certainly be my death.

Hennig, who thought he had nearly conquered, determined to make the laſt deciſive attack on his uncle's oppoſition.

He

He tenderly took his hand, and ſaid: Yes, dear uncle, I would willingly join my fondeſt wiſh to yours, and marry Hannah, had you only one more reaſon to wiſh it.

That, then, I have, exclaimed the major, ſeizing the hand of the youth; for Hannah—is my daughter!—I am her father, and there is her mother. From love to you, Hennig, have we ſo long concealed it. Let me not go out of the world without the hope, that the two perſons I love moſt next to my wife, you and Hannah, will be happy with each other. He burſt into tears, and threw himſelf on the neck of his nephew.

The major's opponents were all of them at once thunderſtruck. Hennig turned pale, tottered, and ſank into the arms of his uncle. The ſad conviction that he muſt be unhappy, aroſe gloomily in his breaſt like the angel of death on a dark cloud. He wiſhed to diſpel it. No, thought he, I appertain to Louiſa, and no other woman ſhall receive my hand. But,

in deſpite of this reſolution, the feeling that his unhappineſs was unavoidable grew continually ſtronger in his ſoul, overpowered all his ſtrength, and annihilated all his hopes.

Hennig, ſaid the major, again, tenderly, Hennig, my dear boy!

The youth now fell on his knees, preſſed his uncle's hand to his lips, and ſaid, in a low voice, Yes, I will, dear uncle.

No ſooner had theſe words been pronounced, than the major threw himſelf into a chair near his window, and placed his hand before his eyes. He felt that the fulfilment of his great wiſh had not made him happy, and he could not look on his favourite, with whoſe ſuffering he ſympathized in the moſt lively manner.

While the major continued in this poſture, with his hand before his eyes, Hennig ſoftly left the room, and retired to his chamber, where he threw himſelf on the bed to give vent to his grief. The old huſſar left the major in the ſame manner,

for

for the firſt time in his life, and went out into the field, becauſe he could not bear any longer to be a ſpectator of the melancholy ſcene in the houſe. Seibold followed him, and ſoon after the major's lady.

The major, at laſt, took his hand from his eyes, and hoped that either Seibold or his wife would offer him comfort; but he found himſelf alone—a circumſtance that had on him the moſt powerful effect.

How! ſaid he, am I left alone! alone! Oh gracious Heaven! have I acted ſo unjuſtly that all fly me? At this moment he ſaw his daughter run ſkipping up the walk, and made a ſign to her to come to him. When ſhe came, he took her in his arms, and kiſſed her, but could not ſpeak a word, and led her ſoftly to the door. Away ſhe ran to Hennig's chamber; and the major, who watched her through the window, ſaw Hennig come out to her, preſs her to his breaſt, and hold her a long time in his arms. This ſight gave him the

moſt

moſt heartfelt ſatisfaction. He believed that Heaven itſelf had given him a ſign that it approved of this union. Yes, thought he, now I ſee that every thing will go right; all will be well. He bolted the door, fell on his knees, and prayed fervently for the happineſs of his daughter and his nephew.

But what the major took for a ſign from heaven, was nothing more than a natural ſymptom of the weakneſs of a good heart. Hennig, as has been ſaid, had thrown himſelf on the bed to give vent to his grief in tears. He felt himſelf wretched, and muſt wreak his anger on ſome one as the cauſe. On his uncle he could not; that would be to forfeit the praiſe of his magnanimity, and of the ſacrifice he had made to him of his love. Man, even in wretchedneſs, is but vanity. His anger therefore fell upon Hannah; but he preſently recollected that to the child no blame whatever could be attributed.

At the moment that he felt his own in-

juſtice

juſtice without knowing how to make a recompenſe for it, Hannah came playfully into his room, and now he acted the hypocrite to himſelf. He ſprang haſtily up, embraced the child, and preſſed her earneſtly to his breaſt. Even at the time of this embrace, he felt himſelf more angry with her than ever; but he was ſatisfied with what he had done, ſince he had at leaſt proved that he knew what he ought to do.

Scarcely was Hannah gone, when Seibold came, and with a countenance in which Hennig eaſily read that the ſacrifice he had reſolved to make would not be eſtimated ſo highly as it deſerved. Seibold enlarged on the nature and qualities of love, and endeavoured to ſhew that even the moſt reaſonable and well-founded paſſion muſt yield to time and a firm reſolution, ſtill more muſt one which owed its birth merely to accident and the talkativeneſs of a gamekeeper. The lower Seibold rated this love, the higher was it extolled by Hennig. He

declared

declared moſt abſolutely that he could not be happy without Louiſa, but yet that he was willing to be unhappy. In theſe firſt moments of the violent feelings excited by the oppoſition made to his love, he ſeemed to deal entirely in contrarieties, and Seibold at laſt left him without having convinced him.

Hennig had indeed reſolved to comply with his uncle's wiſh, but without exactly knowing how that was to be done. A hope likewiſe ſtill remained in the background, founded on the extreme youth of little Hannah. Many years muſt elapſe before the child could be his wife; and years conſiſt of many thouſand minutes, each of which might produce a change. This reflection continually acquired new force in the mind of Hennig; but ſo ſoon as he had raiſed his hope upon it, he again rejected it. He reſolved not to admit that thought again; but the moment his hopes ſank, he again had recourſe to it. Thus was there in his conduct a ſad irreſolution.

He

He at length ſummoned up courage enough to go to his uncle—What a hypocrite is man!

But ſcarcely had he entered the major's apartment, and ſcarcely had his uncle preſſed him to his breaſt, with a countenance moſt expreſſive of joy and content, when he felt his hypocriſy, and ſaw that he was about to impoſe on his beſt friend. His hopes ſank, and with them he again fell into the abyſs of deſpondency. He remained with his uncle for a moment, then haſtened into the garden, paſſed on to the canal, and ſoon thought of nothing but Louiſa. What ſhould he ſay to her, and how ſhould he ſay it? Should he write to her, that he had ſacrificed her and his own happineſs to virtue? He felt with the moſt fearful certainty, that Louiſa would then either hate or deſpiſe him. Inſtinct here inſtructed him very rightly. No woman believes herſelf beloved while there is any thing in the world to which the love ſhe has inſpired muſt yield. A youthful

heart

heart ſees with a kind of complacency the ſtruggle of love with difficulties, or even with virtue; and even can rejoice in the ſacrifice of love to a certain point, nearly to the very loſs of it; but here muſt love again revive, and renew the conteſt. If virtue triumphs over love, contempt follows; for conſtancy is the only virtue which an enamoured youthful heart requires of another.

Hennig felt that he muſt either be able to write poſitively to Louiſa—'I love you no longer;' or that ſuch a letter as he meditated could only tend to deceive both his uncle and Louiſa. He had not ſufficient reſolution for either. He abruptly fled the place where he had lately been ſo happy, and came back with a determination to keep his word to his uncle. In this he was fortified by the old huſſar, who met him on his return, and ſilently held out his hand to him. Hennig, ſaid the old man, ſeeing that the youth fixed his eyes, which were filled with tears, on the ground—Hennig,

nig, I cannot bear to ſee any perſon who is unhappy look down on the ground; it only fills the head with uſeleſs and even hurtful ideas. It was ſo with me when my maſter the major was ſurrounded by the Croats in the year fifty-ſix; I loved my life as much as you do your Louiſa, but I did not love my captain leſs. I knew not, rightly, what to do; and aſked myſelf, Shall I or ſhall I not? I threw my eyes up to heaven, and thought, with myſelf, eternity is long: let life take its chance; and with that I fell pell mell on the enemy. On ſuch occaſions, we ſhould always think it can only coſt us a life, and when that is at an end, it little ſignifies whether it was paſſed in melancholy or mirth. As I galloped toward the foe I cried out, Our Father, Amen! and to it we went. In the ſame manner muſt you act: you muſt not ſtand and aſk, Shall I or ſhall I not? Louiſa cannot expect that you ſhould love her better than your uncle. So—Our Father, Amen!

Amen! Your uncle muſt not break his heart, Hennig.

No, ſaid Hennig, that ſhall he not, I am reſolved: here is my hand; I will comply with his wiſhes, and cheerfully, ſaid he, rubbing his eyes. Shall a ſtranger be able to do this for him, thought he, and ſhall not I? He haſtened to the houſe with the old man, and they entered the major's chamber together—The Croats are gone! Huzza! cried old Hennig, while the nephew threw himſelf on his uncle's breaſt, and ſaid, I will, dear uncle; I will comply with your wiſh. You ſhall be happy.

Man poſſeſſes more power to act, than to forbear from action. He can leap into the abyſs of miſery for the ſake of another, but he cannot ſtand at the gate of a paradiſe of joys and forbear to enter in. I muſt add another obſervation: It is eaſier for him to ſacrifice a refined and exalted paſſion than a groſs and ſenſual one; though the former is more durable and more ardent.

dent. The former, when he thus gives it up, he does not entirely loſe; but of the latter nothing remains. There is an inviſible bond of union which connects minds, but there is none between bodies. Love of the refined and exalted ſpecies, when it is torn away, leaves a wound which never heals, and the pain of which continues while life endures; the ſenſual intoxicates the ſoul, and threatens to deſtroy it; but no ſooner has the fancy ceaſed to act than the pain is gone, the heart heals again, and not a ſcar remains.

Had little Hannah been grown up, Hennig might have married her immediately, and then his love for Louiſa would have been at an end in a month. He had, in fact, courage enough to leap into the abyſs of deſpair; but he ſtood at the entrance of his heaven, and muſt not enter. In an hour's time he might be with the gamekeeper, and hear him talk of Louiſa; or within two hours he might be with Louiſa herſelf;

herſelf; and from this ſhould he refrain?— The taſk exceeded his ſtrength.

His love was now nothing more than a firſt awakened ſenſuality; conſequently indeſcribably ſtrong like every ſenſual impulſe. He found himſelf wretched in proportion as he was deprived of it. Could he have immediately married Hannah, it had been over. Neceſſity would have reconciled him to his condition. But his generous ſacrifice was to be repeated every moment; for every moment buſy fancy ſhewed him at a diſtance, a new and dazzling hope. He felt his ſoul torn with a thouſand contending paſſions; and all theſe painful feelings was he to endure without ſeeking any mitigation. How was this poſſible? He could not avoid looking towards hope: though mindful of his vow to his uncle, he turned from it immediately. Thus he continually paſſed from fear and deſpair to hope and anxious expectation.

Hennig ſuffered extremely from this

ſtate

ſtate of mind. He could not cloſe his eyes all night, and the next day appeared pale and languid. He ſeemed like one who had long ſuffered under a ſlow conſuming and incurable diſeaſe. He ſmiled, to conceal his anguiſh; but it was eaſy to ſee that this ſmile coſt him the exertion of his whole ſtrength. His voice faltered, and his hand trembled while he preſſed that of his uncle. After a few minutes he returned wearied and exhauſted to his chamber, and threw himſelf on the ſofa.

The old huſſar, who had obtained the victory over him, was the firſt to repent. He knitted his brows, haſtily threw his eyes round the room, as if he looked for ſomething, ſhook his grey head, coughed twice, and at laſt ſaid: If this is right, every thing is right! The major blew the ſmoke out of his pipe with double force, and was ſilent; Seibold earneſtly fixed his eyes on the coffee-cup he held in his hand; the major's lady looked at them all three, one

after the other, and was ſilent becauſe they were ſilent.

The old huſſar went out and liſtened at Hennig's door, then came back, and relieved himſelf by a deep ſigh, and ſaying, ſignificantly: Well, well, I am not to blame. The major ſeemed not to notice him, and began to whiſtle. He rubbed his forehead, and continually turned his back to the huſſar, that he might not ſee his gloomy countenance.

What an hoſpital we have here! ſaid the old huſſar, at laſt, ſpeaking ſomewhat loud.

What do you mean by that, old friend? ſaid the major.

I mean this houſe, replied the huſſar. One lies on his death-bed, for what we know, and the reſt of us creep about and have not the hearts to aſk what's the matter. With theſe words he left the room.

The major now took Seibold to the window, and ſaid, Hear me, Seibold; the affair begins to grow ſerious. Tell me again what

what it was you ſaid about love. Hennig muſt not be unhappy—What was the name of the king who gave up his wife to his ſon when he was ill from love of her?—Yet I ſhould be very glad if Hennig could forget this lady Louiſa.

Seibold aſſured him that Hennig, after a time, would forget Louiſa. But ſuppoſe, major, ſaid he, that when Hannah is grown up neither of them have any inclination to each other—what ſhall we do then?

The major wrinkled his forehead. This comes of artifice and contrivance and falſehood, ſaid he: I have played a fooliſh trick with my daughter, and now I know not my way out or in. I know not what to do. —The major acted as all perſons do in the ſame ſituation: he let things take their own courſe.

At dinner Hennig appeared ſomewhat more cheerful; but the day paſſed in gloomy thoughtfulneſs, with many ſhakings of heads. The next morning the family had become a little accuſtomed to its new

condition, and appeared more reconciled to it. Suddenly a carriage rattled into the court-yard, and, when the door of it was opened, out ſprang Louiſa. The major laid down his pipe in the window, and ſaid: Here comes lady Louiſa—God help us!

Louiſa had hoped to receive an anſwer from Hennig, but neither the game-keeper nor any other perſon had ſeen him. She took this very ill; but, when ſhe heard nothing from him the ſecond day, ſhe began to be very uneaſy, fearing that he was not well. Her father, in the mean time, was continually talking of his *arrondiſſement*, and at length conceived the deſign of giving the major a piece of land adjoining to Sollingen for the meadow in queſtion. He ſpoke of this to the family; and Louiſa perſuaded him, apparently without any deſign on her part, to communicate this to the major himſelf. A journey to Sollingen was therefore reſolved on; but before every thing could be got ready, the next morning, two young officers, related

lated to great families, arrived from the next garriſon. It was now reſolved that the old lady and Louiſa ſhould likewiſe go to Sollingen, as the count did not wiſh to leave his daughter in the company of thoſe gentlemen. They were looking for their fans and gloves, when an old lady who reſided in the neighbourhood came unexpectedly to pay them a viſit. Louiſa was not a little vexed, and began to fear it was all over with the journey to Sollingen. She, however, whiſpered her father, that ſhe would go alone, and carry the news to the major; and at the ſame time, added ſhe, I can make a viſit to my couſin Selenberg, whom I intended to go to ſee tomorrow.

The count, who was deſirous that the major ſhould be informed of his intentions as ſoon as poſſible, and who was rendered ſomewhat uneaſy by the preſence of the young officers, anſwered, almoſt without thinking: Well, let it be ſo. Louiſa made all poſſible diſpatch; but when the

coach drew up to the door, the count began to think it was not quite right to let his daughter go entirely alone to Sollingen. This Louiſa had feared, and had made all haſte accordingly. She called to the coachman, as ſhe got into the carriage, to drive with the utmoſt expedition; and was ſoon at Sollingen, firmly reſolved to ſcold her lover handſomely, if he was not ill.

She flew up ſtairs to the major's chamber, and remarked embarraſſment in every countenance. The major, in his perplexity, made her a low bow, lower than he had ever before made to any perſon, and fixed his eyes on the ceiling, without ſaying a word. The major's lady, too, did not ſeem ſo friendly as ſhe was uſed to be. Louiſa herſelf now began to be embarraſſed; when little Hannah flew to her, and ſaid: Oh, if Hennig were not ſo ill, we would go and row in the boat.—Ill! exclaimed Louiſa, in the utmoſt agitation, and turning pale—dangerouſly ill?—Yes, that I make no doubt he muſt be, you all

ſeemed

ſeemed in ſuch perplexity when I came in. —The major and his lady made no anſwer, but Hannah ſaid: Dangerous? No, not dangerous. But come, lady Louiſa, and ſee him. He is ſitting on the ſofa in his chamber. Louiſa did not wait to be aſked twice, and before the major could ſay a word in reply ſhe was out of the room.

Hennig ſat pale and melancholy with his hand over his eyes, and did not look up when the door opened. Louiſa approached him, and laid her hand on his. As he haſtily withdrew his hand, he looked up, and ſaw her whom his heart adored ſtanding before him, with eyes expreſſive of tenderneſs and ſympathy.

Heavens, Louiſa! exclaimed he, ſtarting up. A deep bluſh overſpread his countenance, and his eyes ſparkled as he gazed on her; which he did for ſome time, and then again coveredhiseyes with his hand. Are you ill? aſked Louiſa. Oh yes, ill to death! replied he, ſtill keeping his hand over his eyes.

Little Hannah now ran haſtily out of the room to tell her father what Hennig had ſaid; and no ſooner was Louiſa left alone with him than ſhe extended her arms, and ſaid, with the tender voice of love: Halden! dear Halden!—He looked up at her, but ſtill continued immoveable. She let her arms drop, and ſaid, in a tone of anxious ſenſibility: Gracious heaven! Halden, what is the matter with you?—It was not poſſible that he ſhould longer withſtand her beloved voice. He gazed on her with a ſmile, and roſe to meet her. They threw their arms around each other, and preſſed their glowing lips together.

At this moment the major opened the door, and Louiſa, alarmed, haſtily retreated. All were ſilent.

The major offered to retire; but Hennig entreated him to ſtay; and now related to Louiſa his unhappineſs, and the ſtruggle of his ſoul. With a deep and melancholy ſigh, he added: Virtue, and gratitude to the beſt

beſt of uncles, muſt triumph—His voice faltered; he laid his hand upon his heart, and turned away his face.

Louiſa, fixing her fine blue eyes filled with tears on the major, exclaimed: Gracious heaven! and retired to another corner of the room.—The major, whoſe yielding heart could never withſtand a moiſt eye, cried out immediately: God forbid I ſhould ever ſeparate two hearts which ſo tenderly love one another! And beſides, ſuppoſe, after all, it ſhould happen as Seibold ſaid? Hennig, continued he in the mildeſt tone imaginable, be happy; but do not forget my daughter.—Both Hennig and Louiſa turned haſtily to the major, threw themſelves at his feet, enraptured, and, ſeizing his hands, moiſtened them with warm tears. O gracious God! ſaid the major with much emotion, and joining their hands, I could not have believed that this moment could have given me ſuch tranſcendent pleaſure! God bleſs you, my dear children!

Huzza! cried old Hennig, who had heard what he ſaid, and now entered the room, and threw himſelf likewiſe at the major's feet, kiſſing his hand with the greateſt eagerneſs. Seibold and the major's lady entered. The melancholy of the family was now entirely changed into joy, and a joy heightened by the ſhort preceding anxiety. Little Hannah now likewiſe came; and the major took her in his arms, and ſaid, though with a ſlight degree of returning dejection: Providence will take care of you too, my child.

The family now proceeded to deliberate what further was to be done. The lovers left the room, and diſmiſſed all their fears and cares. Hennig took Louiſa to the narrow creek of the canal, where he had been ſo happy, and where he now felt himſelf ſtill happier. In the houſe it was unanimouſly reſolved not yet to make public the ſecret concerning little Hannah.

The major, as uſual, was determined not to ſtop half-way. He therefore took

his

his horſe, and accompanied Louiſa to Ranſleben, where he pleaded the cauſe of his nephew in form to the count; who received the propoſal in the moſt friendly manner, but deſired to be allowed ſome time to conſider. The major thought this requeſt very reaſonable and proper, and returned home extremely well ſatisfied.

In the evening, at ſupper, the count communicated the major's propoſal to his daughter, and enquired her ſentiments. She aſſured her father, with much ſincerity and animation, that ſhe could be happy with no other man but young Halden. The count aſked no further queſtions, and endeavoured to turn the converſation to ſome other ſubject; but now the old lady came forward with her favourite the elder Halden: So, replied the count, drily, has he, too, caſt an eye on her? Of that I had never heard a word.

His parents, ſaid the old lady, were willing firſt to allow time for the young folks to beeome a little acquainted with each

other. I cannot conceive, added ſhe with a ſneering air, how it can be poſſible for Louiſa to be happy with a perſon ſo unpoliſhed as the other Halden. His brother is a very different young man. He has merit and breeding. She now pronounced a long eulogium on the excellent qualities and accompliſhments of Charles; to which the count only anſwered: Very well; we ſhall ſee how it will be.

The count had, in fact, no objection to Hennig; and beſides, the explicit declaration of his daughter prepoſſeſſed him greatly in his favour. He wiſhed, however, that Charles, whoſe obſequiouſneſs he was much pleaſed with, would make application for his daughter's hand, as that would in ſome meaſure reſemble a negotiation, and tranſfer him, in imagination, to Ratiſbon. He had, indeed, determined on nothing, except not to end the affair too ſoon; the reſt he left to time and chance.

The old lady wrote the ſame evening to Mrs. Halden, and ſent the letter off to

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Moorberg early in the morning. In it ſhe adviſed that no time ſhould be loſt, but application in form be immediately made for lady Louiſa; for the count, as yet, had come to no determination. The chamberlain was therefore immediately diſpatched to Ranſleben, to follow, in every thing, the good advice of the old lady. As ſoon as he was gone, the mother and ſon entered into conſultation what further was to be done. Neither of them could conceive how it ſhould be poſſible for Louiſa to love the rude clown, as they ſtyled Hennig; eſpecially as ſhe had not ſeen him more than once or twice. The count and lady Louiſa, ſaid the mother, muſt be abſolutely blind to chooſe Hennig! As for Charles, his vanity prevented his entertaining the leaſt fear that his brother ſhould be preferred to him.

At this moment the major entered the court-yard: They are his parents, he had ſaid to his wife; and it would not be agreeable to them to be firſt informed by a ſtranger,

ger, that their ſon is going to be married. Their conſent too is certainly neceſſary.

He therefore rode over to Moorberg, to give an account of what had paſſed, and the propoſal he had made to the count. Mrs. Halden anſwered him very frankly: My good brother, you come too late: my huſband is this moment gone to Ranſleben to ſolicit the hand of lady Louiſa for Charles. You ſee, therefore, we cannot give our conſent, without making ourſelves ridiculous. The match has been reſolved on by my huſband and me for more than a twelvemonth paſt. Charles loves lady Louiſa to diſtraction; and you muſt yourſelf allow, brother, that, in ſuch a caſe, the younger ſon muſt give way to the elder. I am very ſorry that Charles and Hennig do not love each other as brothers ought; and in this I know they are both to blame. You can as little endure as I that brothers ſhould hate one another; and the preſent is an excellent opportunity to effect a reconciliation. Hennig

nig has only to reſign his pretenſions, which he may the more eaſily do, as it is now impoſſible he ſhould obtain our conſent. You ſee, dear brother, you have it now in your power to do a good and chriſtian action.

Mrs. Halden ſaid all this in ſo natural and ſeemingly kind a manner, that the major knew not what to anſwer. He once thought, indeed, that Charles was bad enough to wiſh to prevent Hennig's happineſs, merely from hatred of him: but then he could not imagine that he could have known of Hennig's views on Louiſa; and he recollected that he had heard ſomething of the mother's ſcheme to promote a marriage between Charles and Louiſa. In this ſtate of doubt and embarraſſment, he only ſaid: Well, then, it muſt be left to lady Louiſa to determine which of the two brothers ſhe will have. Mrs. Halden now proceeded to queſtion the major; and he very frankly told her that Louiſa loved Hennig with her whole heart. At this

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his ſiſter-in-law could ſcarcely reſtrain her anger. She declared, in the moſt peremptory manner, that Hennig ſhould never have their conſent to his marriage with Louiſa.

But ſuppoſe ſhe will not have Charles? aſked the major.

Then ſtill leſs ſhall he have our conſent —Will not have him, indeed! When the father wills, the daughter muſt.

Do you then entirely forget that Hennig, too, is your ſon? aſked the major with warmth.

Mrs. Halden now overwhelmed him with a torrent of reproaches. She called him the ſeducer of her daughter—Yes, ſaid ſhe, becauſe Emilia was not to be the wife of that low fellow Seibold—ſo I am to be allowed neither comfort nor honour from my children:—ſhe muſt by intrigue be procured to be a miſtreſs to the prince; and Charles muſt leave the court, becauſe he had too much honour to ſee his ſiſter ſold for the wages of iniquity.

The major in his wrath uttered ſome bitter

bitter curſes, and could ſcarcely refrain from laying violent hands on his ſiſter-in-law. He immediately left the houſe, as he feared he ſhould not long be able to command his paſſion. But when he was on horſe-back he thought again on what Mrs. Halden had ſaid, and it gave him great uneaſineſs —" Procured to be a miſtreſs to the prince !"—" Charles had left the court, becauſe he could not bear it !"—(This appeared to the major to be what might very naturally be expected from every man in the ſame circumſtances, and therefore from Charles)—The prince had oppoſed the marriage—his confidential ſervant had been the principal agent in the whole buſineſs. All this appeared to the major to have connection. Good God! cried he, letting the bridle fall, if I ſhould have been deceived! if Emilia, my father's grandchild, my brother's daughter—He uttered a wild exclamation, clapped ſpurs to his horſe, and was ſoon at home. He haſtily alighted, hurried up ſtairs, bolted into the

room,

room, threw down his cap, whip, and gloves upon the table, crying: Lord have mercy upon me!—What is the matter? aſked all who were preſent—Has ſhe given her conſent?

The major, who now thought only of Emilia, anſwered: Yes, my children, I am almoſt ready to believe it; ſhe has conſented to ſuch ſhame: but I have not, by the great God! nor will I to eternity. Let me be driven like a dog from the door of Heaven when I conſent to it. And if it ſhould come to the ears of the count, you may bid farewell to all hopes of Louiſa, that let me tell you.

No perſon underſtood the major, and their uneaſineſs increaſed at every word, though they were obliged to let him go on. At laſt he mentioned the name of Emilia, and Seibold turned pale. The latter aſked ſome queſtions, and the major's meaning was ſoon apparent. All were ſurpriſed and ſhocked; but Seibold remained calm as before: he only ſaid it was not true. Soon after

after he left the room, put ſome money in his pocket, and took his way to the city where the prince kept his court.

Hennig, from time to time, endeavoured to obtain á hearing, but in vain; he was obliged to wait till the major was capable of anſwering him. At length, when they came to ſit down to dinner, Seibold was not to be found: but of that little notice was taken, as it frequently happened when in his walks he had rambled too far from Sollingen. But when, at ſupper, he was ſtill miſſing, the family became ſomewhat uneaſy; and when it was ten o'clock, and he had not returned, it occurred to every one that he muſt be gone to Emilia; and all retired quietly to reſt.

In the mean time the chamberlain had entered into conference with the count, and made application for Louiſa, in the name of Charles, with great earneſtneſs. The count anſwered him with the utmoſt politeneſs, and told him, at the ſame time, that the major had made a ſimilar propoſal

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in behalf of Hennig. For this the chamberlain was prepared, and, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, with an ambiguous air, ſaid: My brother may have his views; but though I had no other ſon, I would not give my conſent to a marriage with my youngeſt, from pure friendſhip to you and your lovely daughter. There is a peculiar circumſtance relative to him, which at preſent muſt remain a ſecret, but which will be known but too ſoon.

Theſe words, which the chamberlain had learned by rote, greatly ſurpriſed the count: he endeavoured, however, to conceal the impreſſion they made on him, and ſaid: My daughter appears to have more inclination to your youngeſt ſon than to the elder. Poor young lady! replied the chamberlain with an air of myſterious pity. Certainly, my brother muſt wiſh the alliance, and probably will endeavour to conclude it as ſpeedily as poſſible. The count was ſtill more ſurpriſed; for the major had actually preſſed for a ſpeedy conclu-

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cluſion of the marriage: he however did not mention this to the chamberlain, but only ſaid that he would conſider his propoſal. He expreſſed himſelf in the moſt friendly and polite terms; for now he found himſelf engaged in what gave him the greateſt ſatisfaction, that is, a negotiation. No ſooner was the chamberlain gone, than the count began a letter to the major, in which he recommended to him to procure the conſent of the parents of his nephew to his marriage, ſince it was certainly neceſſary that the preliminaries ſhould be adjuſted, previous to any further progreſs. That the chamberlain had made application in favour of Charles, he did not mention.

The old lady now took every opportunity to ſpeak in diſparagement of Hennig, and extol Charles to the heavens; but, to her great diſappointment, all ſhe could ſay made very little impreſſion on the count: he pleaſed himſelf with the thought, that neither the old lady nor his daughter, neither

ther the family of the major nor that of the chamberlain, could penetrate his real intentions. You do not underſtand my politics, he would ſay to the old lady, his couſin, when ſhe preſſed him to declare his determination.

The old lady, therefore, began to fear that he was inclined to favour Hennig, and wrote to Mrs. Halden to give her notice of the danger. The latter, when ſhe compared the contents of the letter with what ſhe had heard from the chamberlain, was alarmed in earneſt; and conceived an expedient, of a truly extraordinary nature, to carry her plan into effect.

A ſervant who waited at table at Sollingen was the ſpy of Charles. This man had learned the major's ſecret. He had liſtened and heard what paſſed between the major and Hennig relative to Louiſa, and diſcovered that little Hannah was the major's daughter. This intelligence he now tranſmitted to Charles.

Thus did one ſtroke follow another, and each

each heavier than the former. The major had now a daughter, and Hennig muſt return to his right of inheritance. This was indeed moſt unlucky. Little Hannah muſt now be the heir of the major, who had concealed her being his daughter, with a view to ſecure to Hennig the property of his father. This appeared to Mrs. Halden moſt evident. And now the hated Hennig was both to deprive his brother of a great part of his inheritance, and be at the ſame time an obſtacle to his obtaining the heireſs, lady Louiſa. I ſee what he wiſhes, ſaid ſhe; he would be the ruin of you, Charles, and render me miſerable. But I—— She pauſed a moment—The genius of human happineſs, of parental and filial love, eſſayed to check her injuſtice; but in vain—Yes, continued ſhe, he deſerves nothing better, I will, I muſt. He ſhall know, Charles, that I am your mother.

She ſent for an attorney, and continued an hour with him alone; after which ſhe diſpatched a letter to Sollingen. When ſhe

ſhe had received the anſwer, and read it; at ſome paſſages ſhe turned pale, trembled, and even ſhed tears. For ſome moments ſhe ſat ſilent and abſorbed in thought, looking frequently at Charles, but as it were by ſtealth. At laſt ſhe ſtarted up with wild emotion, and, preſſing him ardently to her breaſt, ſaid with anxious eagerneſs: Charles, do you love me?—He kiſſed her hand—Do you love me, Charles? For heaven's ſake, anſwer me.—As no ſon ever loved his mother, anſwered the youth.—She ſmiled with an anxious perturbed ſmile —But ſhould you forget what I have done! O Charles! I love you as no mother ever loved her ſon! She then went trembling and confuſed to her huſband, reſolved to commit a crime againſt nature to gratify ambition and vanity.

Mrs. Halden had determined to diſinherit her younger ſon, and it was for this purpoſe ſhe had ſent for the attorney. She aſked this knaviſh lawyer (for no other could ſuch a woman have in her ſervice), in

in what manner it would be proper to proceed to diſinherit her ſecond ſon. The attorney was ſomewhat ſhocked at the propoſal, bad as he was; but he thought to himſelf: He is not, however, my ſon. Offences ſufficient to authoriſe a legal diſinheritance of Hennig were ſoon found; and two wills drawn up, in which both father and mother declared Charles heir to all their property. Their ſecond ſon they ſolemnly diſinherited;—firſt, becauſe he had attacked, like an aſſaſſin, and violently beaten his brother, who had attempted to prevent an improper amour between their daughter and a beggarly vagabond;—ſecondly, becauſe he had ſtopped the carriage in which his mother and ſiſter were, on the public road, and forced out the latter, in order to convey her to her ſeducer, the above-mentioned vagabond;—thirdly, becauſe he continually took part with the enemies of his parents, to whom he was continually the cauſe of the moſt heartfelt grief and unhappineſs;—fourthly, becauſe

it was ſtrongly to be ſuſpected that he had adviſed and aided his ſiſter, to withdraw herſelf from her father's houſe and authority;—fifthly, becauſe—— a blank was here left for the inſertion of this offence, which Hennig was yet to commit.

Mrs. Halden now wrote to Hennig, to renounce all his claims on miſs Louiſa, or that otherwiſe ſhe would diſinherit him. She required an immediate and explicit anſwer.

Hennig, who was alone when the meſſenger brought him his mother's letter, returned, within half an hour, the following anſwer:

"O my dear mother! is it poſſible you ſhould thus write to your ſon? Yet do I kiſs your letter, harſh and unnatural as it is. I preſs the lines to my breaſt, hoping that my heart may change them into love. Deareſt mother, Charles is not alone the offspring of your body: I and Emilia are likewiſe your children, and were nouriſhed by your blood. Oh! could you ſee me on my

my knees before your cruel menacing letter, with what anxiouſneſs I endeavour to find in it ſome trace of maternal love, you would no longer hate your rejected ſon! Hate!—Gracious Heaven! what a word! O dear mother, beſtow your wealth on Charles; grant me but your love, which he, perhaps, deſpiſes; for which he is cold and thankleſs: then ſhould I exclaim, with tears of joy, How rich has my mother made me! Recollect, the moment may arrive, when only the love of my mother can ſave me from deſpair! Recollect, alſo, that the time may poſſibly come when you may ardently wiſh for the love of your rejected ſon!—Oh! were this moment arrived, though you had firſt pierced my heart, I would fly with this bleeding heart to your breaſt, bleſs you, and expire happy. However you may act—I feel—my anguiſh, my tears aſſure me—that I cannot ceaſe to be your ſon, and that you can never entirely withdraw your maternal love from me."

Some paſſages in this letter made an impreſſion, at leaſt for the moment, on Mrs. Halden; but ſhe directly after went to her huſband, to perſuade him to diſinherit Hennig. The chamberlain ſtarted: he enquired what ſufficient reaſons could be given, and, at firſt, poſitively refuſed. But his wife had now better arguments than tears and careſſes to carry her point. The major will be induced to give Hennig at leaſt an equal ſhare of his eſtate with his daughter; or Hennig, through fear of being diſinherited, will reſign his pretenſions to Louiſa. At any rate, we can afterwards recall what is done, if we pleaſe.

The chamberlain read the will, and ſaid: It is all very well; but remember, this paper will coſt us the hearts both of Hennig and my brother; beſides—(he ſuppreſſed what he was about to ſay)—beſides, our ſon is guilty of no offence.

The father's heart revolted at the propoſal of his wife; but he was accuſtomed to obedience.

obedience. He likewiſe comforted himſelf with the thought that he could always alter his will, and he firmly reſolved to do ſo as ſoon as he dared.

The inſtrument was accordingly executed, and Mrs. Halden was unfeeling enough to ſend a copy of it to her ſon at Sollingen. Hennig received the paper in the preſence of the major; and his countenance changed as he read it. His mother obtained her end.—Hennig now reſolved to renounce all his hopes; for he had given up every expectation from the major's property, from the moment that he knew Hannah was his daughter. He put the paper into his pocket, with a melancholy air, and was going out of the room.

What have you there, Hennig? aſked the major, who drew the paper out of his pocket, and read it. Whew, my dear ſiſter! cried he, and threw the paper into the fire. But why do you look ſo glum, Hennig? Though, indeed, it muſt give ſome concern to a ſon, to have his parents act by

him like devils. But this time, my boy, the devil has miſreckoned; as he generally does, praiſed be God, for now we have exactly what we wanted—See; here is another Job's poſt! (taking out of his pocket the letter from the count.) Count Eſpenbruch requires the conſent of your parents to this marriage; and you know he muſt have it in black and white, or nothing is to be done with him. I believe in my conſcience, that at the day of judgment he will expect writings to be drawn up between himſelf and his Maker, and require a grant of heaven upon ſtamp-paper. The conſent of your parents we now have; for parents who diſinherit their ſon reſtore to him all his rights. Come here, Hennig. Now thou art my ſon. He preſſed the youth to his breaſt, and, taking him by the arm, preſented him to his wife as his ſon.

But all this was of little avail. The mind of Hennig was occupied by other thoughts. How could he make any pretenſions to his uncle's property while Hannah lived? He

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left the room with the bittereſt feeling of his wretchedneſs, and took the road to Ranſleben.

The old couſin was already informed of all the meaſures which Mrs. Halden had taken to ſeparate Hennig from Louiſa, and ſhe co-operated with her all in her power. She remonſtrated with the young lady on the ſubject; but Louiſa, inſtead of regarding her advice, only renewed the warmeſt declarations of her love for Hennig, and her firm determination to employ every means in her power to become his wife. The old lady loſt her temper. Would you then, ſaid ſhe with violence, be the wife of a fellow who is diſinherited, and turned a vagabond into the world? I tell you, he is abſolutely a beggar.

I have wealth enough for myſelf and him, and he will love me the better. Poverty is no diſgrace.

He is diſinherited, I tell you!—diſinherited!—Remember that.

O couſin, ſuch a man as Halden, with

ſuch a heart, ſuch an underſtanding, and ſuch perſonal endowments, cannot really be diſinherited. All men of noble minds love him; the baſe and vicious alone can hate him. I entreat you, ſay no more on the ſubject.

The old lady was aſtoniſhed, and utterly unable to comprehend how and when Louiſa could have conceived ſo violent a love for the younger Halden. The chamberlain's lady had, indeed, long ago written to her, to take care that lady Louiſa had no ſecret interviews with Hennig. It now appeared evident to her, that they muſt frequently have ſeen and ſpoken to each other privately. She, therefore, commiſſioned her female attendant, a woman advanced in years, and ſufficiently diſcreet, to watch the ſlighteſt motion of Louiſa, and immediately give her notice of whatever ſhe might obſerve. On theſe ſecret interviews, and the character of the count, ſhe founded a very plauſible plan. The weak ſide of the count was his fondneſs for political artifice

artifice and intrigue. He imagined himſelf able to penetrate the views and deſigns of every perſon, and to manage all events and occurrences in ſuch a manner as to render them conducive to his own purpoſe. He prided himſelf in being able to diſcover the plans and intentions of all about him, while his own remained impenetrable to them. Nothing could therefore mortify him more than to diſcover what he had never ſuſpected, or to find there had been ſecret plots of which he had no knowledge.

The old lady, accordingly, went to him, and began again to talk of the marriage of Louiſa. The count ſmiled, and was ſilent. I could not have imagined, ſaid ſhe, that lady Louiſa would ever have engaged in an amour without the knowledge of either you or me.

The count became ſomewhat more attentive, but ſtill only ſmiled, and remained ſilent. Louiſa, continued the old lady, is violently in love with the younger Halden; and how could that have happened if ſhe

had not often ſeen and ſpoken to him ſecretly?

Not often, ſaid the count with a ſmile, I am very certain.

Well, ſaid the old lady, I know not what this world will come to. Formerly the father was the firſt perſon who would have known of ſuch a buſineſs; but young people act now as if there were no ſuch perſons as parents in the world. The father now is not informed of any thing till all is ſettled, and his office is to be only that of the clerk who ſays Amen.

The old lady could not have taken a more effectual means to work upon the count. He ſmiled, it is true, and ſaid: I know well enough how often Louiſa has ſpoken to young Halden. But ſtill what his couſin had ſaid appeared too well founded not to be noticed; and it put him ſomewhat out of temper with the two lovers. At this moment the old lady was called away: her waiting-woman, whom ſhe had ſet to watch, brought her intelligence that

Halden

Halden was at that very moment in the grove, and that the game-keeper had given intimation to Louiſa to go to him. She immediately returned to the count's chamber, and ſaid to him laughing, There goes lady Louiſa; and behind yonder trees is young Halden. There can be no doubt that they are very fond of one another.

The count went to the window, and ſaw Louiſa and her maid going towards the grove. He immediately left the room, and, calling his valet to follow him, went down into the garden.

The old lady went again to the window, and ſaw, to her great joy, the count and his valet take a circuitous way to the grove; at the entrance of which the waiting-maid ſtood on the watch. The count ſilently approached her, and made her a ſign that there was ſomething in the buſhes which ſhe muſt not frighten, but come ſoftly to him. She did ſo; and the count then ſaid to her, If you ſay a word you ſhall pay dearly for it. Go immediately back to the

houſe with my valet; I will ſtay here alone. —He now entered the grove, and concealed himſelf behind ſome thick foliage. He might have trod very hard without being heard; for Louiſa and Hennig flew into each other's arms, inſenſible to every object around them. The count ſat himſelf down ſoftly, and liſtened to all that was ſaid.

Louiſa, my dear Louiſa, ſaid Hennig, again preſſing her with ardour to his breaſt, you know how well I love you; you know that, if I obtain you not, I ſhall be the verieſt wretch that exiſts miſerably on the ſurface of this earth; and yet—O Louiſa! yet muſt I be this wretch, and forego all the happineſs of my life. Louiſa, I am poor; diſinherited by my parents, under the moſt frivolous pretexts. My uncle has a daughter. He would indeed freely give me the half of his property; but, becauſe he is ſo generous, ought I to be ſo unjuſt as to accept his generoſity? Louiſa, there is no remedy: let us ſubmit to be unhappy,

ſince

ſince we cannot be happy with honour. He leaned tenderly over her, and wept aloud.

Louiſa now replied: Thou art poor, it may be, Halden; but I am therefore ſo much the richer. No: be aſſured, we will be happy.

Your father will certainly refuſe your hand to a diſinherited beggar, a rejected vagabond.

No, Halden; my father is noble-minded. But, if you fear, we may conceal it from him.

Conceal it! Conceal that I am poor! No, Louiſa; I may be unfortunate; I may be miſerable; but I cannot be a deceiver; not though thy hand ſhould be the reward! I am poor, diſinherited: this the whole world ſhall know.

Let the whole world know it. But I—I belong to thee; I too can be poor. O Halden, I now for the firſt time feel thy exalted merit. From henceforth will I be wholly thine. Require what thou wilt, I have the courage to comply. You can labour:

bour: and have not I hands to work? Halden, I am reſolved. I will be thine; and, if thou wilt, forſake for thee my father's houſe; I will ſhare with thee every want and every fate; and follow thee to whatever miſery thy road may lead.

Louiſa, thou openeſt to me a proſpect of celeſtial beatitude; yet muſt I renounce it. Thou haſt a father; and though he ſhould oppoſe thine and my happineſs, ſtill art thou his daughter. Oh infinitely happy were I, might I be his ſon! Were I to labour for thee, Louiſa, I ſhould poſſeſs the power and the happineſs of a divinity. But ſhall I carry you from the midſt of plenty into want; tear thee from the heart of a fond father, render thee poor and deſpiſed, and make wretched a family of which thou art the pride, to procure happineſs to myſelf? No, deareſt Louiſa! I am wretched, and I will remain ſo. Though doomed to ſpend my life in ſorrow and tears, there is a place where I ſhall find thee again. Our thanks are due to Providence,

which

which conſidered the unfortunate virtuous when it fixed the duration of human life. Even what I now do is wrong: it is wrong thus to have ſecret interviews with you.

The count now retired ſome ſteps backward, and coughed. Louiſa ruſhed haſtily from the buſhes, ſaying: I will write. The count went up to Mr. Halden very calmly, ſaid he was happy to ſee him, and invited him to go with him into the houſe. Young Halden accepted the invitation. When the count opened the door of the fitting-parlour, both the old lady and Louiſa were not a little confuſed; while he ſmiled, and enjoyed much ſatisfaction in the thought that neither of them would be able to comprehend his meaning.

Hennig muſt likewiſe ſtay ſupper—And the count obtained his end; for all the three endeavoured in vain to diſcover his intentions with looks of anxious enquiry; but he continued the ſame behaviour, with a kind of diſtant politeneſs.

After ſupper, when Hennig had taken his

his leave and Louiſa retired, the count ſaid to the old lady : I can tell you ſomething new : The Haldens have diſinherited their ſecond ſon ; and the major has a daughter. I am very ſorry for the young man, I aſſure you ; for in truth he is a noble fellow.

A noble fellow ! and diſinherited by his parents ! ſaid the old lady peeviſhly.

Dear couſin, when you are as well informed of the whole affair as I am, you will not aſk ſuch a queſtion.

A noble fellow ! and yet he has ſecret interviews with lady Louiſa ? ſaid ſhe, ſtill more peeviſhly.

The count ſmiled. To-morrow, ſaid he, Louiſa will ſend him a letter ſecretly ; and yet, for all that, I tell you he is a noble fellow.

The old lady was greatly ſurpriſed at the count's knowing ſo much, and likewiſe at the coolneſs of his behaviour. She aſked him what he meant to do ? That, ſaid he very calmly, muſt depend upon circumſtances ;

ſtances; and retired, exulting not a little at the conſummate policy which he had diſplayed in this tranſaction.

The converſation which the count had overheard, was not without its effect on his heart. He felt how noble were the ſentiments of the youth, who would rather ſacrifice his own happineſs than violate ſincerity and integrity; and he could not avoid conceiving an eſteem for Hennig. Yet had he no inclination to give his daughter to a poor man, and the pretenſions of Charles began to acquire greater weight with him. He reſolved, however, to wait the progreſs of the affair, and prolong it as much as poſſible. Louiſa was yet young, and he thought that he might not again eaſily find ſo perplexed and intricate a buſineſs, all the ſprings of which he managed and guided.

The next morning Louiſa wrote her letter. Let her write, thought the count.—The old lady likewiſe wrote a letter. Let her write too, thought he.—After dinner the chamberlain's lady came, and was cloſeted

ſeted with the couſin. Let them take their meaſures and form their plans, thought the count. Oh! ſaid he, highly exulting, it is now here juſt as it was at Ratiſbon. We have ſecret conferences, couriers, interviews, hints, enquiries, liſtenings, and different parties counteracting each other. And there at laſt my court gained the advantage, and obtained its *arrondiſſement*,—my unthankful court!—I believe the major is the only perſon who proceeds ſtraight forward, like an envoy from an Imperial town. For my part, I wonder which of the two brothers will have Louiſa at laſt.

Mrs. Halden, before ſhe went away, addreſſed herſelf to the count on the ſubject, and requeſted him ſoon to complete, by his determination, the happineſs of her ſon. The count anſwered her very politely, but not explicitly. She informed him, with much appearance of ſorrow in her countenance, that ſhe and her huſband had been forced to diſinherit their ſecond ſon, on account of his groſs miſconduct.

The

The count ſhrugged his ſhoulders, and ſaid: That may be of ſome prejudice, perhaps, to your elder ſon, ſince many families may ſcruple to contract any kind of affinity with a perſon of ſo bad a character as to deſerve to be diſinherited by his parents. Mrs. Halden, at this obſervation, changed colour, and, for the firſt time, felt a reprehenſion for her unnatural cruelty, and left Ranſleben, much ruffled, without having been able to gain any ſatisfactory information. The count, on his ſide, pleaſed himſelf with the thought that he had rendered the affair ſtill more perplexed and intricate.

The major, in the mean time, had more attentively conſidered the diſinheriting of Hennig. He eaſily gueſſed the views of the mother, and eſpecially thanked heaven that nothing was yet known of his having a daughter.

Hennig, whoſe deſpondency was not to be removed even by the letter of Louiſa, with all its tender aſſurances of love and conſtancy,

conſtancy, was walking up and down in the garden in the moſt melancholy manner; which when the major ſaw, he immediately mounted his horſe and rode to Ranſleben: Count, ſaid he, you required that the parents of my nephew ſhould give their conſent; but this is now no longer neceſſary, for they have diſinherited him. I am very much grieved to have to ſay it, but believe me, it is true; and Hennig is innocent.

That I ſuſpect myſelf, major, replied the count: but ſtill it is an unlucky affair; for the world does not judge as you and I do—He is diſinherited; conſequently he has no property. You will now perceive that it will be neceſſary for me to conſider.

Count, he is ſtill as rich as his brother: he has my property.

Will you then, too, diſinherit your daughter? aſked the count, who thought to ſtagger the major with this queſtion; but the latter, without changing countenance or colour, immediately replied: God forbid! You know, then, that the little girl

I have

I have at home is my daughter? I will tell you the whole ſtory—which he accordingly did; and greatly was the count ſurpriſed at the generous conduct of the major as diſplayed in it—You now ſee, continued the major, that even if I loved my daughter better than my nephew, which, God be praiſed, I do not, my property is a debt due to the young man; for, in conſequence of taking him, I have drawn upon him the hatred of his mother. I have been the cauſe of his being diſinherited, and I muſt, therefore, make good the damage he has ſuſtained. If this is the only objection, count, I will this very day make over my eſtates to my nephew, and leave Sollingen with my wife and child. This I can do without any inconvenience; for I have ſaved a tolerable capital, and my eſtate is entirely unincumbered. What ſay you, count? I will immediately reſign all to my nephew, to enſure his happineſs.

That is indeed the offer of a noble ſpirit, ſaid the count, taking the major by the hand

hand—But God forbid, ſaid he, with ſome emotion, and a ſhake of his head, that I ſhould preſs you to it! May I not aſk, added he, was it not your intention to marry your nephew to your daughter?—and how could you ſo eaſily give up that plan?

I gave it up very unwillingly, I aſſure you, count, very unwillingly indeed. But what could I do? I could not bear to ſee the boy's eyes continually overflowing with tears, and know that his heart was torn with anguiſh, merely that an old man like me might paſs a few days with more ſatisfaction. I am on the brink of the grave, count, and my nephew is but juſt entering upon life. Such were my thoughts, and I yielded to his wiſhes. My head will not reſt the worſe in my coffin, becauſe I cannot, in my laſt moments, ſay to the boy: Farewell, ſon-in-law! Beſides, I conſidered that at my latter end there would be another pair of eyes to ſooth my departing ſoul with their tears; I mean the eyes of

your good daughter. Am I not right? Shall I not thus be happier?

The count felt himſelf greatly moved by the major's diſcourſe, and ſcarcely knew what was the matter with himſelf. He, in fact, had not a bad heart; but he had never had an opportunity to meet with any perſon who would ſacrifice the gratification of his own wiſhes to the happineſs of another. From his earlieſt youth he had paſſed his life among the *corps diplomatique*; what wonder, therefore, that ſelf-intereſt ſhould appear to him the only moving principle of human nature, and reaſon merely the aſſiſtant of intrigue? But now that he had before his eyes the major, with a cheerful animated countenance, offering to reſign his eſtates to make another happy, that ſentiment which the Divine Being has implanted in every ſoul was awakened in him; and he felt that man was deſigned for a nobler end than to intrigue for gain. He preſſed the hand of the major more heartily than he had ever done that of any other perſon;

perſon; but at the ſame moment the doubt occurred to him, whether all this might not be merely artifice on the part of the major.

It was impoſſible that ſuch a ſuſpicion as this ſhould not ariſe in the mind of ſuch a man as the count, as ſoon as he no longer heard the animated voice of the major, which alone gave to his words the evident character of truth. The count ſhook his head, and every inſtant believed more firmly that the major had only made the offer of giving up his eſtates, under the perſuaſion that it would not be accepted. He wiſhed to put the major to the trial; or rather—he had again relapſed into the ſtateſman—to take him in his own net.

Well then, ſaid he, major, if you are really in earneſt, and will reſign your eſtates to your nephew——

Shall he have your Louiſa? aſked the major, ſeizing the count's hand with an emotion of ſatisfaction. God be praiſed, the worthy lad will yet be happy. But in

the firſt place, count, there is one bargain to be made :—(The count liſtened—Aha! thought he, now it is coming)—Hennig muſt know nothing of the matter; abſolutely nothing; or it will be all over, that I can tell you. This will require ſome dexterity. But now I think of it, lady Louiſa muſt perſuade him to accept the eſtate. Seibold is not there, or he might make him more compliant.

All this appeared ſomewhat novel to the count, who ſaid, with a ſmile: It does not ſeem to me very probable that your nephew will refuſe.

God grant he may not! ſaid the major: but your daughter muſt perſuade him, elſe I very much doubt whether we ſhall be able to gain his conſent.

This the count refuſed; for he would not allow Louiſa to know any thing of this affair, till it was entirely ſettled. The major was therefore now left to himſelf: Well, ſaid he, the boy will not be blind to his own

intereſt and happineſs: and, ſo ſaying, he took his leave, and left the houſe.

He ſent the groom home with his horſe, and went directly to the attorney, to give him directions to prepare the neceſſary writings. Notwithſtanding all the difficulties and objections which the attorney made, the major continued ſo firm to his purpoſe, that the deed of gift was made out. He likewiſe purchaſed, in the neighbourhood, a convenient houſe with a garden, and ſent in the neceſſary furniture from the next town. He did all this with the utmoſt diſpatch, but at the ſame time the greateſt ſecrecy; and all that any perſon could obſerve, was, that the major had ſome important buſineſs in hand.

As ſoon as every thing was ready, he rode over to the count, ſhewed him the deed of gift, aſked him if he found any thing wanting, and requeſted him to come with lady Louiſa to Sollingen on a certain day, when he would preſent the eſtate to his nephew.

phew. The young lady muſt be there, added he, for, believe me, we ſhall ſtill have difficulty enough in this affair; but, if ſhe is preſent, I can ſay: There, Hennig, there is the prize, for whoſe ſake you are to oblige me, and accept what I offer you.

The count could not underſtand the major, and leaſt of all could he comprehend his fear of a refuſal. From curioſity to ſee how he would behave, he promiſed to be at Sollingen on the day appointed, and punctually kept his word. He took only Louiſa with him; for the old lady, his couſin, had declared her opinion, that no good could be expected from the journey, and refuſed to go. The major received him at the door, gave him to underſtand by a ſign, that he muſt ſay nothing, and conducted him into the houſe. The major's lady and Hennig flew to meet Louiſa with every expreſſion of joy, for they now thought they could gueſs what the ſecret buſineſs in which the major had

been ſo much engaged muſt have had for its object.

Louiſa, who had indulged in the pleaſanteſt dreams during her journey, ſmiled like the image of ſucceſsful Love: ſhe turned, however, towards her father, and, perceiving that he looked but cool, reſtrained with a glance of her eye the tranſports of Hennig.

The major now ſpoke, with evident ſigns of anxiety. Dear Hennig, ſaid he, you muſt do me a favour. Give me your hand, and promiſe me that you will.—(All eyes were now turned on the major)—You have been diſinherited by your parents, my ſon, and on my account; give me your hand, then, my dear boy.

Hennig ſaw Louiſa ſmile, and, trembling, reached out his hand.

See, my ſon, continued the major, the management of my eſtates cauſes me much perplexity. I am an old man, and I have been long conſidering how I may get rid

of

of my fatigue, and enjoy a little reſt; and at laſt I think I have hit on the right method. I have bought a houſe, and a tolerably large garden, of Mr. Liebenau, at Garſleben. The ſituation is pleaſant, the houſe commodious, the garden neat, and there I will for the future reſide with my wife and little Hannah. The eſtate here is, from this time, yours; and if the count has no objection—tears now guſhed into his eyes, and his voice began to falter—you may here—there ſtands the lovely Louiſa—look on her, and think how happy you may be with her here, and how happy we ſhall then all be.

He pauſed, and a ſacred ſilence hallowed theſe precious moments. The major's lady at length threw her arms round the neck of her huſband, and exclaimed, Dear, generous Fred, who has diſcovered to you my wiſh? Yes, dear Fred, now indeed we may live truly happy.

Hennig ſtood like a ſtatue, with his eyes fixed on his uncle. His breaſt beat violently;

lently; a glowing bluſh overſpread his cheeks, and tears ruſhed into his eyes. He threw himſelf at the feet of his uncle, and eagerly preſſed his hand to his lips. Dear boy, ſaid the major, embarraſſed, no more, no more. I know that you love me. Fie, Hennig! let us have no idolatry. Kneel to God: to whom I return ſincere thanks, that he has permitted me to ſee ſuch a moment ere my heart has ceaſed to beat.—Here is the deed.

Hennig ſeized the paper with eagerneſs, held it in his trembling hands, read it, and preſſed it to his lips and his breaſt. Here, exclaimed he, placing it on his heart, here, my father, ſhall the memory of your goodneſs eternally remain; but this, this—He took the paper and tore it into a thouſand pieces—Boy, raſh boy! cried the major, what are you doing?—I am deſtroying the writing, anſwered Hennig, which contains a contract between us. I have your heart, my father, what need have we of writings?

It is very true, my ſon, what need for

writings?

writings? I really believe that our good God is always angry when men tell one another in writing that they will be honeſt. Well, Hennig, the tears in our eyes are letters which are valid in heaven. But enough of this, dear Hennig: now turn to the count, and the lovely lady Louiſa, who likewiſe has theſe characters of Heaven in her eyes. Now, Hennig? Have you nothing to aſk of the count?

Every thing, every thing! exclaimed Hennig; the whole happineſs of my life; but not till you ſhall have promiſed me that you will remain here, and will think no more of any deed of gift, or reſigning your eſtate. I cannot conſent to purchaſe my happineſs by a mean action.

The major began to look grave, while his lady entreated Hennig not to deprive her huſband of the pleaſure he had promiſed himſelf. Louiſa fixed her eyes on him with ſmiles of the warmeſt love, and the count looked firſt at one, and then at the

other. Hennig raiſed his hands with the utmoſt emotion, and ſaid, No, I cannot; and though I were to conſent, it would be all a mockery. There ſtands the heireſs of my father—He took the little Hannah, and placed her in the middle—Hannah, aſk your father, what you, innocent child, what you his good, lovely, and dutiful daughter, have done, that he ſhould thus violate the laws of nature, and give away what is not his own, but what was thine from the moment thou wert born. Yes, it would be a mere mockery, were I to accept the preſent offered by my generous uncle, ſince, as ſoon as he ſhould be in his grave, I could not but reſtore to thee the property which is thine. Yet, even this pretended acceptance I cannot conſent to.

No, my father, I will not be the only mean and ſelfiſh perſon in the midſt of this generous circle.

My boy, my dear boy! exclaimed the major, what a rout doſt thou make about this

this dirty traſh! Conſider, I entreat you: otherwiſe you will not have the lovely lady Louiſa for a wife.

Hennig folded his arms, and, addreſſing himſelf to Louiſa's father, ſaid: Not otherwiſe, count? Then muſt I be unhappy. I cannot, Louiſa, I cannot purchaſe your hand by a mean action.

Halden, replied Louiſa, it is not a mean action to accept the preſent offered by your generous uncle.

Right, my child, ſaid the major, try to beat a little common ſenſe into him. But, my good girl, another thought has juſt occurred to me. I will give to you, my heart's own daughter, I will give you the eſtate which this fantaſtical fellow will not accept. In an hour's time the deed ſhall be ready; and then we ſhall owe you no thanks, Mr. Obſtinacy.

Louiſa bluſhed, and ſaid: O ſir, how good and generous are you! But no, I cannot, muſt not accept it.—She wept aloud, and kiſſed the hand of the major—

But this I can do, added ſhe, and, haſtily turning to her father, threw herſelf at his feet. The count began to feel ſome emotions of ſhame, ſo much was his heart ſoftened. He likewiſe felt a ſtrong inclination to be generous himſelf, and put an end to the noble ſtruggle. Twice was he on the point of preſenting his daughter's hand to the generous youth, and certainly would have given it, had he not obſerved that he was watched by the major's lady, who, next to the count himſelf, appeared the coldeſt and leaſt affected of any of the company. She believed, that, as the count had come with Louiſa, the affair was as good as concluded; and ſhe obſerved the count more than any other perſon, to ſee what effect the ſcene had on him. Once he was compelled to wipe his eyes; which when ſhe ſaw, a ſmile overſpread her face from joy. This ſmile the count perceived; and obſerving likewiſe that her eyes were fixed on him, which he had noticed before, he ſoon relapſed into his former ſuſpicion—

What

What if all this were merely feigned to impoſe upon him? He indeed beheld before him genuine nature, and tears and paſſion not to be imitated by art; but ſtill this thought held back his generoſity, and ſo much cooled his half-warmed heart, that he, at leaſt, would determine on nothing. He raiſed his daughter, wiped away her tears, placed her near him, and ſaid Huſh! as if he would hear what farther might be ſaid. But now no perſon had any thing more to ſay.

The major wrinkled his brow, rapped out an oath, and muttered ſomething which ſounded like jackanapes. He then called out of the window for the coach to come to the door, bid his wife get her cloak, took little Hannah by the hand, and ſaid: For my part I will go to Garſleben. Hennig threw himſelf in his way, and ſaid: Dear uncle, you will not go to Garſleben to-night? Let us, at leaſt, firſt take leave of each other; for I, too, ſhall ſet off this evening, and go as far as my feet will carry

carry me. Give me your bleſſing before I go.

Louiſa now approached Hennig, with an air of much anxiety, and aſked: What mean you to do, Halden?

To leave you and die, if my uncle will not remain at Sollingen. I can do that, though I cannot act meanly.

Lay by your cloak, Hannah, ſaid the major; we muſt ſtay here, though nothing is more againſt my will. Oh, he is as obſtinate as a mule, lady Louiſa, and that you will find when you have once got him. You will have trouble and plague enough with him.

At theſe words, which he uttered with much warmth, he fell on the neck of Hennig, and exclaimed: You have diſappointed and vexed me extremely, Hennig; I ſhould not have done ſo; but, ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, he added: The caſe with me was very different; for I had not an uncle who would have given me ſo from his heart, what I would have given you.

For

For that reaſon ought I to act as I have done, ſaid Hennig, warmly returning his embrace.

A carriage now drew up to the door; but it was not the major's: it was the count's; for it had been concluded by the ſervants below that the gueſt would certainly go before his hoſt. How, in the name of wonder! cried the major, your carriage, count? Who ordered it? The count, who, unleſs he could reſolve to perform an act of diſintereſted generoſity, knew that he muſt be not a little embarraſſed, was very glad of the miſtake, and immediately took his hat. Louiſa, while he took leave of the major, ſaid to Hennig with much calmneſs: You will not accept me; but I give you my ſolemn word that I will never marry any other man but you: Adieu. She now followed her father, who, when ſhe uttered that expreſſion, ſeemed doubly eager to take his leave.

When the carriage drove away, thoſe who remained at Sollingen looked on each other with awkward confuſion; for, notwithſtanding

ſtanding all that had been done, they were not one ſtep forwarder. The devil! cried the major; we ought not to have let the count go away: we ſtand here now looking like ſo many Tom-fools—But, added he, with ſparkling eyes, and embracing Hennig, his wife, and little Hannah, though Hennig ſhould have ſeen Louiſa for the laſt time, and ſhe tomorrow ſhould marry Charles, ſtill, I will maintain, we are happier than thoſe at Moorberg—Yes—if the old man were but here, and Seibold. I believe, in truth, there is no houſe in all Germany which contains ſo many honeſt hearts. Let us rejoice at the thought of that, my children. Oh gracious Heaven! how ſatisfied and happy I am, though every thing goes croſs-grained, through the obſtinacy of ſome people!

He embraced Hennig, and, without ſaying another word, retired to his chamber. His wife followed, and looked into the room unobſerved. Huſh! ſaid ſhe, when ſhe came back. Our father prays. Hennig could

could bear the ſcene no longer; but was obliged to ſeek the freſh air, overpowered as he was with the feelings of gratitude and love.

The inclination to generoſity which had ariſen in the mind of the count, after his return vaniſhed gradually. At firſt, he reached out his hand to his daughter, and ſaid: Thoſe people at Sollingen are in reality very generous and extraordinary perſons. Within the ſpace of an hour after, he interrupted Louiſa's revery with the remark—But nobody accompanied me to my carriage, not even young Halden, and people ſhould be civil and polite though they are poor. When they alighted, he ſaid: For the future, Louiſa, take care not to behave ſo ſimply.—In what manner, father? —Why, by going to the young man, and promiſing that you would be his wife; he may perhaps place his dependence on it.—Dear father! ſaid Louiſa—But it was one of the count's political arts not to liſten to a reply: he, therefore, put ſome queſtion

to

to the ſervants, and Louiſa was obliged to be ſilent.

Louiſa retired to her chamber, threw herſelf on a ſofa, and recalled to her recollection all the occurrences of the day. Her paſſions were warmly excited, and ſhe reviewed in her mind her hopes, and the obſtacles by which they were oppoſed. But what are obſtacles to a ſoul animated by the enthuſiaſm of love, and by the nobleſt ſentiments? She ſtarted up, walked to the middle of the chamber, and ſaid, in a ſlow and ſolemn tone—I will be the wife of Hennig Halden, or die. From this moment I conſider myſelf as eſpouſed to him; Heaven and yon ſetting ſun be my witneſſes!

This, in the conception of Louiſa, was the moſt ſacred oath ſhe could ſwear; and now ſhe felt in herſelf a courage which ſhe believed muſt overcome all obſtacles. At this moment came the old lady, the count's couſin, with a view of gratifying her curioſity by aſking Louiſa a few queſtions. She had already been with the count, but he had

had only replied by ſmiles, and enigmatical anſwers. At her entrance into the chamber ſhe aſked Louiſa, how ſhe liked the parſon's daughter?

Parſon's daughter! Be ſo good, couſin, as to chooſe your titles a little more properly. This parſon's daughter, major Halden's lady, is my aunt.

Aunt! No; you are not yet ſo nearly related to the family. An Eſpenbruch once married a Halden; but he was the ſon of my uncle by the mother's ſide. The wife of the major is the daughter of a common parſon, is ſhe not?

But women are called by the titles of their huſbands, couſin; why not, then, ſtyle her majoreſs?

Be not too haſty, child: Such people ſoon forget their origin, if they are not reminded of it ſometimes.

That, in fact, ſome people do too ſoon forget; but ought *you* to remind them of it?

I! Why not I? Look you, I am of a family

family as ancient as any there is; and though my father had the misfortune to be caſhiered—Gracious Heaven! is ſuch a child as you to throw that in my teeth? Judge not—You know the old proverb.

Louiſa took her kindly by the hand—Pardon me, couſin, ſaid ſhe. That never entered my mind; indeed I ſcarcely know it—I thought—

That my mother was of the claſs of tradeſpeople. Well, that I do not deny. But I was born noble, and that Mrs. Halden was not. Of that I ſpeak, and that only. She forgets, now, that ſhe was a parſon's daughter.

This Mrs. Halden is my aunt, and conſequently your couſin. You do not act politically, as my father ſays, when you ſpeak contemptuouſly of her.

Is your aunt?—is? You have been there to-day, I know, Louiſa: What has been done?

Not much. I am the affianced bride of the younger Halden; that's all—I might have

have received a freehold eſtate for a marriage preſent, but I would not accept it—Eſtates were offered moſt laviſhly; but, would you have thought it? nobody could be found that would accept one.

The old couſin ſtared with aſtoniſhment. Ah! ſaid ſhe, now I am ſure you are jeering me. I ſhould like to ſee the perſon, who would ſo readily give away an eſtate, or him who would not accept it when it was offered him.

Theſe perſons, then, you eaſily may ſee. The major, and the parſon's daughter—think of that, a parſon's daughter—would have given Sollingen, that noble eſtate Sollingen, firſt to my huſband, and then to me; but we both refuſed it. If you had been there, you might have had it; for there was no little contention about who ſhould keep it.—This has been done at Sollingen; and now you know all.

Your huſband! do you ſay? your huſband! Good heavens! poor child, how I pity you!

Huſband

Huſband or bridegroom, bridegroom and bride, are mere names, couſin. When you marry, I ſuppoſe you will likewiſe be called bride. Call me Halden's wife; for ſuch I am; I am, indeed, couſin.

Gracious Heavens! his wife! already his wife! his eſpouſed wife! Good God! See how I tremble! His eſpouſed wife!

Call me by what name you pleaſe. I am eſpouſed, before God, before all his angels, in the eſtimation of all the generous and virtuous among mankind.

Oh! tell me ſo no more; the ſhock is too much for me; I ſhall be taken ill—But I ſee you only joke with me.

No, no! I have not indeed been married by the parſon; but I am ſo certainly and firmly united to Hennig, that all the chamberlain's ladies on the face of the earth ſhall not ſeparate us. With you, perhaps, the bond that eternally unites me and Halden might be only a ſlip-knot.

Indeed! miſs? But will you be ſo good as to tell me how you came to be ſo intimately

mately acquainted with this young man, and to be ſo deeply in love with him? Do tell me that, for Heaven's ſake!

That I will tell you, if you will afterwards aſk me no more queſtions. I began to love him—you may laugh, but it is true—when he leaped into the water like a ſpaniel, without taking time to conſider, and becauſe he is as ready to ſerve every one and as faithful as that animal. I became acquainted with him through my little bird, and on that occaſion the firſt kiſs paſſed between us. In the afternoon when I was with my father at Sollingen, it was ſettled, and we exchanged rings. You ſee, couſin, love aroſe in my heart as ſuddenly as he ſprang into the water. And now you may aſk my father, whether I am not his wife.

The old lady trembled with ſtifled anger. The air with which Louiſa ſpoke was however ſo peculiar that ſhe could not believe her. In fact, Louiſa very rarely

ſpoke.

ſpoke. But the mind which is actuated by the pureſt and nobleſt ſentiments, feels itſelf ſtrongly inclined to ridicule, when vilified by thoſe who are incapable of ſuch emotions.

The old couſin went immediately to the count—I wiſh you joy, ſaid ſhe, with hypocritical tears. God grant all may go well! but I am afraid no good will come of it.

You wiſh me joy! Of what, couſin? aſked the count, laying down a book in which he was reading.

Louiſa has told me that ſhe is eſpouſed to that wild fellow Halden, with hand and ring: Oh Heavens! how I pity the poor child!

The count roſe up. Hem! ſaid he, I entreat you would be ſilent on this ſubject until I tell you to ſpeak.

He afterwards went to Louiſa. The old lady put off her ſlippers, and followed him ſoftly. Louiſa, ſaid the count, I will not have you ſay that you are Halden's wife.

Father,

Father, replied Louiſa boldly, yet am I ſo, and I care not though I declare it to the whole world.

I adviſe you, however, not to do it, ſaid the count in a half-entreating half-commanding tone, and then returned immediately to his chamber.

She is then actually married, only it is to remain a ſecret! thought the couſin. She immediately wrote to the chamberlain's lady, and early the next morning ſent off her letter, in which ſhe exhorted her friend to employ every means in her power, without delay, to prevent the abſolute completion of this marriage. Had it not been, ſaid ſhe, for that curſed project of *arrondiſſement*, all this miſchief would not have happened. The diſinheriting of Hennig, too, has done more harm than good—though, when ſchemes which promiſe ſo fairly fail, to what means can honeſt people have recourſe?

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the diſappointment and rage of Charles and his mother when

when they read this letter; and this rage became ſtill more violent, when, on conferring together, they were more and more convinced that they had entirely exhauſted all their ſchemes for preventing the marriage. They were ready therefore to give up all thought of it, and ſeek only to wreak their revenge on Hennig and the major, the count and Louiſa.

Charles went to the window which looked toward Sollingen, and endeavoured to contrive ſome mode of vengeance, but could find none, any more than his mother —For it is the triumph of virtue, that it preſents no vulnerable place to the ſhafts of malice and revenge; and, could it equally command external circumſtances as its own character, it would be abſolutely unaſſailable.

The only idea of the kind that appeared at all practicable, was the uncertain vengeance of calumny: but it was to be conſidered whether the major would liſten to any ſlanderous falſehood, or whether, indeed, he would not laugh at it.

The

The unhappy creatures, however, did what they could; they kindled the infernal flames in which they were themſelves tormented for all around them. The chamberlain and the domeſtics were the ſacrifices for the major and Hennig.

While the mother and ſon were brooding over their ſchemes of revenge at Moorberg, Sollingen was not the ſcene of perfect tranquillity. The delightful conteſt of generoſity between Hennig and his uncle was renewed; and the old huſſar, who before had not been able to take any part in it, now took one the more active. The major attempted a new attack in a different way; but Hennig was not to be moved.

Young man, ſaid the huſſar, at laſt, you are but a ſimpleton, and that I will maintain. Liſten to me, and you will own that I am in the right. You will not accept your uncle's eſtate, though you will have nothing from your parents. God forgive you! When death ſhall have cauſed

a ſeparation, and little Hannah is married, will you then be willing to eat the bread of charity to your lateſt hour?—You ſee, then, you muſt accept the eſtate.

Hennig bluſhed with every ſymptom of ſtrong emotion. He ſank into a kind of diſturbed reverie, which laſted a few moments, then fell on the neck of the faithful old man, exclaiming with much vehemence: You are in the right, good Hennig; as heaven ſhall judge me, you are in the right.

The two old men now believed they had conquered. They uttered a kind of joyful ſhout, and embraced the youth.

I am nothing, and poſſeſs nothing, reſumed Hennig, how then can I pretend to the hand of a lady? No; I muſt go and ſeek my fortune. (His colour changed, and he held his hand before his face.) I entreat you, dear uncle, attempt not to hinder me. What do I here? I only exiſt in a uſeleſs manner. Shall I alone not labour? I muſt and will go out into the world.

And

And while you are gone Charles will carry off Louiſa, rejoined the major. Let me prevail on you, young man, to act a little more rationally.

Hennig explained himſelf more circumſtantially; and referred to Seibold, who had often ſeriouſly preſſed him to engage in ſome way of life. The major was much perplexed; but a letter from the count ended his heſitation, and the departure of Hennig was determined on. The count had more maturely conſidered the affair. He wiſhed the happineſs of his daughter, and felt a favourable inclination towards the family at Sollingen. On the following morning he ſpoke to Louiſa on the ſubject; and ſhe, who well knew her father, told him poſitively that ſhe would either be the wife of Hennig, or that ſhe would never be married. This explicit declaration rendered all his political art uſeleſs, as indeed it commonly was when oppoſed to his daughter's ſincerity. He returned no anſwer to Louiſa's declaration,

but ſhe could clearly perceive that he was not very diſſatisfied with it. He wrote to the major, that he had no particular objection to the union of Hennig with his daughter; but that as yet they were both young. Hennig might endeavour to puſh his fortune in the world for a year or two, when both parties might be better enabled to judge.

No ſooner was this letter read at Sollingen, than all exclaimed that he muſt go. The next conſideration was, whither. The major recollected that the prince had aſſured him of his favour, and a journey to his court was reſolved on.

Hennig wrote to the count, entreating his permiſſion to ſee Louiſa once more. This the count granted, and Hennig rode with his uncle to Ranſleben. The two lovers were for ſome minutes alone, and ſwore to each other eternal conſtancy. Hennig requeſted of Louiſa a correſpondence by letter; but this ſhe was obliged to refuſe, her father having expreſſly forbidden it.

They

They both, however, with tears in their eyes, interchanged vows of fidelity unto death.

Hennig rode back from Ranſleben without ſpeaking a word, and the next morning ſet out for the reſidence of the prince; where the major immediately made a viſit to his friend the old page who aſſured him, in reply to his enquiries, that the prince had not ſeen Emilia once ſince her flight, and ſhewed him a letter from his brother-in-law, which mentioned that a perſon of the name of Seibold, Emilia's tutor, was in Waldengrund. The major leaped up for joy, repeatedly exclaiming: Thank God, thank God! He ſoon after cauſed his arrival to be announced to the prince; and, when he had obtained an audience, expreſſed a wiſh that his nephew might be found ſuitable for ſome employment.

Well, major, ſaid the prince, ſurveying with a gracious ſmile of approbation the handſome manly youth, would he wiſh

to be placed about my perſon? I will accept him: he may begin with being my valet.

Your highneſs, ſaid Hennig, bluſhing, I am not abſolutely ignorant, and would wiſh to render——If your highneſs will permit me to chooſe, I ſhould prefer ſome employment in the ſuperintendance of the foreſts.

That you ſhall have; but under a promiſe not to neglect me. My old page has told me that I may find truth and ſincerity in you and your uncle; and thoſe a prince ſo rarely meets with, that I could have wiſhed you would have ſerved me about my perſon. However, let it be as you have choſen. You ſhall be foreſter, maſter of the foreſts, foreſt counſellor; and ſo be promoted. Be faithful to me, Halden, and I will take care you ſhall have no cauſe for diſcontent. You muſt begin with the lower places, for ſuch is the cuſtom in the civil departments. At court you may riſe more rapidly. But we ſhall

ſee how you are furniſhed with the knowledge neceſſary for ſuch employments.

He will be found well qualified, on examination; that I can vouch for him, ſaid the major.

Indeed! The page tells me that you came on horſeback. Within an hour I ſhall ride out, and then I will examine you myſelf: take with you a memorandum-book.

At the time appointed, the prince, the major, and Hennig rode to the next wood, in which Hennig was ordered to eſtimate the value of the timber, and make ſuch other remarks as might occur to him. He rode through every part of it, accompanied by the prince's game-keeper, frequently alighted to make more minute examination, and noted down the obſervations he made.

The prince, who began to grow tired, rode home with the major. Hennig came ſome hours later, and delivered in to the page a tranſcript of his obſervations on the ſtate of the wood, its value, defects, and the means by which it might be improved.

The next morning the prince ſent for one of the officers who ſuperintended his foreſts. He was a man of ability and integrity, and declared that theſe obſervations were written by a perſon who was well acquainted with the ſubject. The prince ſaid, with a ſmile: They are by my foreſt-maſter, Halden. Hennig received his patent, and ſuch a diſtrict was appointed him as permitted him to reſide in the capital.

The major ſettled the eſtabliſhment of Hennig at a very profuſe rate, which, however, ſtill appeared to him too limited. Hennig ſoon drew the eyes of all the court; for the prince diſtinguiſhed him on every occaſion, and would frequently be attended by him when he rode out. It was particularly agreeable to the prince to have a perſon about him who would ſpeak ſo frankly, and from whom he heard ſo many ſentiments directly the reverſe to thoſe he had uſually heard, but which yet when examined were always juſt. The prince, who was really a worthy man, loved truth, and

only

only wanted a perſon who dared to ſpeak it; which indeed is the misfortune of moſt courts.

The news of Hennig's removal to the capital, and the aſſertion of the old lady at Ranſleben, that the marriage of Louiſa was not yet certain, gave Charles and his mother new hope. But it was ſtill very difficult to ſupplant Hennig; and he had now beſides gained the favour of the prince: a circumſtance which would have been incomprehenſible to the mother, had ſhe not conceived that Emilia, the prince, and the major all played into each other's hands.

Charles now again had recourſe to his old friend Selenberg, who ſoon conſented to a reconciliation, and came over to Moorberg. He knew with certainty that there was no connection between the prince and Emilia, but where ſhe was he could by no means diſcover. It was now ſtrongly ſuſpected that the place of Emilia's reſidence muſt be known to the major. Seibold had been abſent from Sollingen for ſome weeks, and

nobody knew whither he was gone. May he not be with Emilia? ſaid Selenberg. I may now perhaps make ſome diſcovery, for the new foreſt-maſter will certainly write to him.

Conditions were now ſtipulated by both parties. Selenberg was to have Emilia, but, in return, was to engage to do all in his power to prevent the union of Hennig and Louiſa. The plan was carefully conſidered, and fully digeſted. The ruin of the major and Hennig was determined, and Selenberg haſtened back to the capital to carry their ſcheme into execution.

Selenberg very eaſily learned the place of Emilia's reſidence. He deſired one of the clerks of the poſt-office, if a letter ſhould be put in directed to a perſon of the name of Seibold, to take notice of the addreſs, and inform him of it, as he wiſhed to communicate to that perſon ſomething of conſiderable importance to him, but could not diſcover the place of his abode. In a ſhort time he was informed that one

Seibold,

Seibold, probably the ſame perſon whom he enquired after, lived at Sondenheim, and that letters were delivered for him at Waldengrund. He immediately ſent off a valet in whom he could confide, with orders to gain all the information he could, at either of thoſe places, relative to Emilia and Seibold.

Selenberg had likewiſe conceived a plan which was worthy of himſelf. Among the victims to his debauchery was a beautiful girl named Julia Silberman, the daughter of a foreſter on an eſtate belonging to him in the Mark. Her father had given her an education, from the age of thirteen, in Berlin. Intoxicated with vanity and love of dreſs, ſhe had ſcarcely attained maturity, when ſhe was ſeduced by a young libertine, on whom ſhe afterwards practiſed the arts of female ſeduction till ſhe led him to extravagance and ruin. His relations diſcovered her; and to eſcape the ſtrict enquiries of juſtice, ſhe was obliged to fly to her

father. Here Selenberg became acquainted with her in one of his journeys to this diſtant eſtate. Her beauty and innocent appearance ſoon attracted his notice; and ſhe, being completely verſed in all the arts of coquetry, gave him more trouble than he had before experienced even from virtue. At length he triumphed, but was ſoon convinced that Julia was nothing leſs than innocent. Her arts, however, detained him longer in her chains than any virtuous maiden could have done, and he never entirely broke off his connexion with her.

This artful and alluring female Selenberg propoſed ſhould ſpread her ſnares for Hennig. She came to him in purſuance of an invitation by letter, and he explained to her his plan, promiſing her a great ſum of money if ſhe could decoy young Halden into her net. To aſſiſt her in the attempt, he gave her a minute deſcription of the character of Hennig, and by no means concealed the difficulties ſhe muſt expect to meet with; thereby ſtill more ſtimulating

her

her vanity to triumph over ſo extraordinary a youth.

Hennig reſided in a houſe in the ſuburb, the garden of which had a door that opened into the fields. Julia procured apartments the window of which looked into the garden. Her behaviour was extremely friendly and polite, but ſhe appeared to ſeek a retired and ſolitary life. Her only amuſements, after finiſhing the work in which ſhe employed herſelf during the greater part of the day, were the garden and her harp. On the very firſt evening after ſhe came, ſhe ſaw the foreſt-maſter walking in his garden; but ſhe did not think it adviſeable to endeavour to attract his attention ſo ſoon. After a few days the ſoft tones of her harp were heard from her open window, or in the evening from an arbour.

Hennig had a teleſcope ſtanding in his window, through which he ſometimes viewed the diſtant country. He now directed it to the place whence came the harmonious ſounds. Julia ſat herſelf down on a graſs-

graſs-plat in the garden, and appeared not to perceive that ſhe was obſerved. Sometimes ſhe read, at others gathered flowers to form into garlands. Hennig could not ſee her face, becauſe ſhe wore a hat which entirely covered it; but he found her figure extremely elegant. As ſhe did not know that a gentleman was looking at her through a teleſcope, ſhe was careleſs of her attitudes, though there was none of them which in any manner offended againſt decency. Hennig now only ſaw the white round arm, and the beautiful auburn hair which floated on the lily neck, then a part of the ſmall foot peeping from under the gown when ſhe ſeated herſelf on the ground. Now ſhe leaned forwards to pluck a ſprig of myrtle, at a pace or two diſtance; and now he ſaw her whole foot, and for a moment even her white ſtocking above the ancle. She then placed the ſprig of myrtle in her breaſt, and leaned ſideways to pluck a flower, and then for a moment her beauteous and delicate boſom was viſible. At length ſhe raiſed her

her head to obſerve the ſky and the weather, and then he ſaw her bright blue eyes, the bluſhing roſes; and exclaimed, involuntarily, to himſelf: What a lovely girl!

To a young man with a heart open and unſuſpicious like Hennig's, and who finds himſelf ſeparated from his miſtreſs at the moment when he conceives his firſt paſſion, a beautiful girl in a garden is a very dangerous neighbour. No ſofa in the world is ſo adapted to diſplay alluring attitudes as a graſs-plat, on which the lady ſits between two roſe-buſhes; nor can the routine of the tea-table afford opportunity for ſuch attractive motions as the chace of a butterfly, which flies ſometimes upwards, ſometimes downwards, ſometimes ſlow, ſometimes ſwift, ſometimes in a ſtraight and ſometimes in a curve line. Every attitude which can take place between the leiſure walk and the light run, is diſplayed in a few minutes. It adds charms to every well-ſhaped female; much more muſt it to Julia, whoſe ſkill in the art of dancing added new grace to every motion.

motion. Thoſe who have once ſeen Vigano on the ſtage will be able to form an idea of the danger to which poor Hennig was expoſed.

Julia, however, not only aſſailed his eyes, but his ears. When it was late in the evening ſhe ſat in her arbour and played on the harp. She likewiſe ſang, with but a moderate voice and ſkill, indeed; but ſhe well knew, that when a man has looked himſelf blind by gazing all day on the perſonal attractions of a lady, if her voice be only tolerable he will think it delightfully melodious.

After a few days ſhe began to make her direct attack on the heart of Hennig. She took her ſeat in her arbour, and leaned her head againſt a tree. Then ſhe walked ſlowly and penſively, with her hands folded before her, ſeveral times up and down the garden. At length ſhe took a letter out of her boſom, read it, covered her eyes with her handkerchief, raiſed her arms to heaven, and ſank again into ſilent melancholy.

Her

Her triumph was now complete; for Hennig laid aſide his teleſcope, and began to think, with tender compaſſion, what might be the cauſe of her ſorrow. At this moment Julia went out of her garden into the field oppoſite Hennig's garden. I will aſk her, thought Hennig, what is the matter; and whether I can be of any ſervice to her. She returned with her eyes fixed on the ground. The nearer ſhe approached, the more Hennig loſt the courage to aſk her what was the matter. He had at laſt reſolved to retire ſoftly. She ſaw him, and aſſumed an air of great timidity, which ſhe believed would make him ſpeak; but in this ſhe was miſtaken. Hennig could ſooner have faced the greateſt of dangers, than ſo modeſt, timid, and good a maiden. He was fearful his enquiry might add to her uneaſineſs, and give offence. As ſhe paſſed ſhe caſt a haſty glance, and he ſaid in the gentleſt accents to which he could modulate his voice: Good evening, miſs.

Julia had now reached a kind of narrow trench,

trench, which ſeparated the two gardens. Hennig darted forwards to offer her his hand; but ſhe had ſprung over, and ſaid with a graceful inclination of the head: I thank you. Hennig now recovered his courage. He pointed to the trench, and ſaid: I think, miſs, that in your life-time you have had deeper gulfs than this to paſs: you ought not therefore to refuſe the hand which offers you aid.

Julia ſighed: There are more gulfs and difficulties, ſaid ſhe, in this world, than hands to offer aid. I hope ſoon to be at peace.

That I wiſh you may with all my heart: and ſhould your fortune lead you to another gulf or precipice, you may rely upon this hand, my fair neighbour.

She thanked him with a ſmile. Neighbour! ſaid ſhe, repeating the word with an air of enquiry.

Hennig had now to explain himſelf, and in the mean time they arrived at the door of Julia's garden. She ſat down on a bank, and

and Hennig placed himſelf oppoſite to her. They converſed on the fineneſs of the evening, the beauties of the ſcene, the bright ſtars which began to appear. Louiſa let fall, as if by accident, that ſhe was the daughter of a country-miniſter, and began to ſpeak with an air of heſitation and reſerve.

Are your parents ſtill living?

Yes.

Whence is it then that you reſide here?

She ſighed, and Hennig looked earneſtly in her face: at length ſhe replied in a ſorrowful tone:

Do not think harſhly of me, ſir; I am very, very unfortunate. My parents love me, and I them: yet are we ſeparated, and muſt remain ſo, as long as my innocence ſhall be dear to me. Only the deepeſt concealment can ſave me from the perſecutions of a cruel man.

Dear miſs, ſaid Hennig, I wiſh to know no more than you are perfectly willing to tell me. But—and he took her hand—believe

lieve me, the perſecution of your enemy ſhall not reach you here. Conſider me as your protector, as your friend. In fact, I have been that already, before you knew me; for I have ſeen the ſymptoms of your grief.

Julia interrupted him, and thanked him for the promiſe of his protection, with all the ardour of a deſtitute perſon who unexpectedly finds a friend. The acquaintance was now made; and Hennig ſaid to himſelf on his return to his chamber: I came here in a lucky hour.

The next day Hennig wiſhed the beautiful Julia a good morning over the hedge. She thanked him, in the moſt friendly manner, from the arbour in which ſhe drank tea, and he rode out to tranſact his buſineſs with perfect ſatisfaction. In the evening Hennig was again in his garden; where he firſt talked for ſome time to his neighbour over the hedge, and then aſked her to take a walk with him. She appeared to bluſh, but could not well refuſe his requeſt. Hennig

nig offered her his arm as they came ſlowly out of the garden: ſhe accepted it, and thus they walked into the fragrant mead.

Hennig now deſcribed to her the character of his uncle, and his manner of living; and ſhe, in return, drew a correſponding portrait from her own family, and it appeared that they had both been educated in a nearly ſimilar manner. Her innocence might now place confidence in Hennig; for what had ſhe to fear from a man to whom virtue and purity of heart were as dear as to herſelf? Something like this ſhe frankly confeſſed; and when Hennig entreated her to make him acquainted with her misfortunes, ſhe made no difficulty to comply with his requeſt.

They ſat themſelves down on a heap of hay; and when Julia began her ſtory, ſhe took, in a kind of playful, thoughtleſs manner, one handful of hay after another, and, raiſing her arm, let it fall down again upon her. Hennig followed her example, and ſcattered the hay both over her and himſelf.

himſelf. The ſtory became intereſting: we ſhall give a ſuccinct abſtract of it; but Julia herſelf related it with more animation. Sometimes, as if encouraged to confidence, ſhe took hold of Hennig's hand: then ſhe would cling to him, as if terrified at the danger ſhe was deſcribing; till at laſt ſhe ſo far forgot herſelf as to embrace him with ardour. Towards the end of the narrative they were both almoſt entirely covered with hay; and Julia no longer ſat, but lay in Hennig's arms.

Her father, ſhe ſaid, was a miniſter of the church, who reſided at a great diſtance from that place. The nobleman who was lord of the manor in that village was a great libertine. He had conceived a violent paſſion for her, and laid a plan to ſeduce her. Her innocence repulſed him; and as he was patron of the pariſh, he found means to give her father a great deal of trouble, and omitted nothing which he thought could advance his baſe deſign. She expreſſed the greateſt deteſtation of his cha-

racter

racter and manners, and he threatened to have recourſe to violence. She then fled for refuge to a near relation, but even there ſhe was not ſafe. At laſt another relative brought her to the place where ſhe now was; but her perſecutor ſtill followed her, and nothing could protect her from him but the cloſeſt concealment.

All this appeared to Hennig ſomewhat improbable; but he ſaid nothing, becauſe he thought of his ſiſter. The beauteous Julia, now, with tears in her eyes, threw herſelf back on the hay, turned her eyes up to heaven, and thus continued for ſome minutes.

Poor dear girl! ſaid Hennig, while ſhe thus lay motionleſs—Poor dear girl! repeated he again. He hung compaſſionately over her, and ſaw that tears ſtill trickled from her eyes. Dear beauteous girl! ſaid he at laſt, and claſped her in his arms. The ſituation was dangerous. Hennig ſank down upon her, but he ſtill continued maſter of himſelf; while Julia remained ſilent,

and

and thus rendered the moment ſtill more critical.

Dear Julia, ſaid he, it is time for us to return. He bruſhed the hay from her boſom, her feet, and her hair; then aroſe, kiſſed her, and ſaid: Innocent pure creature! He immediately walked forwards towards the houſe, conducted Julia to her garden, wiſhed her a good night, and retired calmly to his chamber.—This is a very extraordinary man, thought Julia when ſhe had got home.

The artful coquette was now obliged to have recourſe to other ſtratagems. On account of an eclipſe of the moon, which ſhe was very deſirous to ſee, ſhe was the next night entirely alone in her chamber, and ſat by the ſide of Hennig on the ſofa. So great was her confidence in her worthy neighbour, that either from wearineſs ſhe ſank into a kind of ſlumber, or purpoſely feigned that ſhe was aſleep, when the total darkneſs began. Hennig ſoftly wakened her, and put out the candle, that ſhe might perceive

perceive how dark it had become. She ſtill ſat cloſe to him on the ſofa, and leaned her head on his ſhoulder. He once ſighed when he felt her heart beating againſt his breaſt, applied his lips to her face, and preſſed her to him; but here he ſtopped. The imagination of Hennig was not yet irreſiſtibly devoted to pleaſure; but he ſighed at ſuch a proof of the confidential friendſhip of ſo lovely and ſo affectionate a maiden. Yet could nothing more dangerous have befallen him; his ſigh was, in fact, the firſt fruit of love for what he deemed ſo good and amiable.

Hennig now began to be no longer rigorouſly faithful to his Louiſa; and had the artful Julia known that there are men who can love without ſeeking ſenſual pleaſure, and that love and pleaſure are very different things, it would have been eaſy for her to have eradicated Hennig's love for Louiſa; which, in fact, was only the firſt awakened ſenſation of a youthful ardent heart. But Julia ſought what was in-

ferior to this love, and thereby defeated her own attempts. Had ſhe declared her true name, and invented a ſtory in which ſhe could not have been ultimately convicted of falſehood, ſhe might have taken a firm hold of the heart of Hennig.

Hennig had now nearly divided his heart. He felt almoſt the ſame paſſion for Julia as for Louiſa. At firſt he called what he felt only friendſhip, yet was he obliged to confeſs to himſelf that this friendſhip was very tender and very ardent. His fidelity towards Louiſa was, indeed, ſtill uninjured, and he had formed no wiſh for a nearer connection with Julia. Yet, when he was in her company, his former love was almoſt forgotten; and ſhe was with him every evening, and frequently paſſed half the night in his chamber. He taught her to play on the harp, he taught her to ſing, and his heart became every day more ſuſceptible of ſoft ſenſations. He could not fail, at length, to perceive that Julia was dangerous to his conſtancy; and, in conſequence of

of that diſcovery, did what many young perſons do in the ſame caſe, but which is a very dangerous mode of defence; he aſſumed a greater coldneſs towards Julia. She perceived it, and expreſſed her diſſatisfaction, even proceeding to gentle reproaches, which drew on ſome impaſſioned converſations. Hennig diſcovered to her that he had already diſpoſed of both his heart and his hand, but in expreſſions ſo enigmatical, that this diſcovery had rather the appearance of a declaration of love. Here Julia ſhould have better acted her part. She ſhould have appeared greatly affected; ſunk, as it were, in deſpondency, and ſo on. She, indeed, was well practiſed in artifice, but ſhe knew not how to treat ſo uncorrupt a heart as that of Hennig. She hinted that an act of inconſtancy could be no great offence when the perſon againſt whom it was committed knew nothing of it.

She did not make this obſervation at the moment when Hennig diſcovered to her

his love and engagement to another, but ſome days after; and then not at once, in ſo many words, but rather by looks, and airs of tenderneſs. But notwithſtanding the cautious obſcurity with which ſhe gave this intimation, Hennig was not a little ſurpriſed at it. He had ſuppoſed that, however evident her paſſion might be, ſhe would have concealed it after this diſcovery; but he found, to his aſtoniſhment, that the contrary was the caſe. The woman who is beloved may, however, proceed great lengths before her lover will admit that ſhe deſerves blame.

Hennig found himſelf much affected by ſuch repeated proofs of the tenderneſs and violence of her paſſion. But a letter from his uncle, and the two words, "Conſtancy!—Louiſa!" on a ſcrap of paper, like a ſtroke with a magic wand, rekindled the flame in his breaſt, though not, perhaps, all the enthuſiaſtic warmth of his heart. Preciſely at the time when he was accuſtomed to viſit Julia, he to-day rode out; but

but he knew not how it happened that his horſe carried him into the meadow behind her garden, which he could only leave by putting on himſelf a kind of conſtraint. He came late home, went to his chamber, cautiouſly avoiding to caſt even a glance into the garden, and dreſſed himſelf, deſigning to apply himſelf to ſome buſineſs which required inſpection. Soon after, ſome one knocked ſoftly at his door, and Julia entered.

She had choſen the night-time. Never is a lover more eaſily induced to inconſtancy than when he has firmly reſolved to be faithful. He then feels himſelf ſo ſtrong that he caſts away his only defenſive weapon, cautiouſneſs. Hennig met Julia with the tender exclamation—My dear friend! and his dear friend ſank weeping with the utmoſt emotion on his breaſt.—No, ſaid ſhe tenderly, you hate me; you hate me! This reproach compelled Hennig to prove that he did not hate her—He embraced her,

preſſed her to his heart, and was weak enough to aſſure her that he loved her.

Scarcely had he uttered the words when he felt alarmed, and wiſhed to repair the error he had committed. He diſcovered to Julia the ſituation of his heart; and did not, indeed, declare that he loved her more than Louiſa; but ſaid enough to lead her to think ſo. He took her hand with the moſt tender emotion, kiſſed it, and bathed it with his tears. He conjured Julia to forget him; in ſhort, he did every thing which could tend to inflame his paſſion ſtill more. —Yes, ſaid he at laſt—yes, we muſt part —we muſt.—At theſe words he roſe up, and Julia with him. He approached the door to perſuade himſelf that his reſolution was firm, though he now felt that it was not in his power to let her go.

Julia, who thought him going to leave her in earneſt, now ſaid: O Halden, I aſk not your hand; I am contented with your heart. Give your name to the happy

Louiſa,

Louiſa, beſtow on me only a part of your love.

How is that poſſible, Julia? ſaid Hennig with much emotion: I ſhould then be only ſtill more deceitful. Have I not already deceived enough the good, the faithful Louiſa? Think, what would be ſaid of her, were ſhe equally deceitful to a huſband?

Julia ſhould here have ſhuddered, claſped her hands with violent emotion, expreſſed a kind of horror at the thought; then turned her attention with the tendereſt feeling to the injured Louiſa, and ſolemnly have ſworn never to ſee him more. Had ſhe done this, Hennig would have been ſtill more entangled in her ſnares; but ſhe thought that he was only conſidering by what means he might poſſeſs her without breaking his promiſe to Louiſa. She embraced him tenderly, and ſaid with an alluring air: How can Louiſa know that you love me?

It was not poſſible that ſhe could have ſaid

any thing more adverſe to her purpoſe; for ſhe ſhould moſt carefully have avoided even pronouncing the word love. Hennig ſtarted up: he ſaw the abyſs before his feet, and ſaid, as if ſhocked: No—ſhe muſt know it. Julia by this exclamation was only more confirmed in her error, and believed now that the victory was gained. She entreated him to liſten to her, and endeavoured to make him underſtand that Louiſa ſuſtained no injury, if ſhe did not know that he was unfaithful. Hennig was ſilent; for diſguſt and abhorrence prevented him from ſpeaking. She might have read his feelings in his countenance; but he ſat in the ſhade, with his back to the light; and ſhe, beſides, half-whiſpered what ſhe ſaid, with her eyes fixed on the ground; and thus proceeded to unfold to him that plan of ſyſtematic deception, which to her appeared to admit of no objection.

Hennig liſtened at firſt with continually increaſing diſguſt, but at laſt with indifference. I will conſider of it, ſaid he coolly,

coolly, riſing from his ſeat; but for the preſent, good night, my dear girl. He then took her by the hand, led her to the door of her garden, and left her, without letting fall a word from which ſhe could judge how he would act. When he had returned to his chamber, he for ſome time walked up and down in much agitation, and at length exclaimed—Louiſa! Louiſa! for whom have I forgotten thee; for whom deceived thee? He leaned againſt the open window, and ſhed tears of ſhame and the bittereſt repentance. Preſently after he heard Julia playing on the harp with tones which a few hours before would have awakened emotion in his heart; but now they only ſtrengthened his averſion, and he ſhut the window. The longer he thought on what had paſſed, the more was he tormented by the reflection—What would Louiſa ſay did ſhe know it?—Yes, exclaimed he, I have deceived her, and muſt continue to deceive her, for how can I ever diſcover to her my inconſtancy?

He now came to the reſolution to remove from him the witneſs of his infidelity, Julia. On the following morning he went to her, made enquiries relative to her relations, and told her that he would write to them. Julia was by this thrown into no little perplexity. She involved herſelf in contradictions, which did not eſcape the notice of Hennig, now that his ſuſpicions were excited, nor could ſhe entirely conceal her mortification that her attempts to enſnare him had met with ſo little ſucceſs. Hennig, who now ſurveyed her with enquiring eyes, perceived ſomething very ambiguous in her looks and manner. His regard for her was now totally gone; and he ſaw nothing in her but that ſhe was handſome. Julia, on the following days, made ſome attempts to reawaken in him his former ſenſations, and ſucceeded in a certain degree. He, indeed, again preſſed her to his breaſt, and his kiſſes were warmer than ever; but the tenderneſs and delicacy of eſteem were entirely wanting.

Not

Not a ſingle fibre of his heart could Julia move; ſhe could only make impreſſion on his ſenſes; and every ſuch impreſſion coſt her her whole ſtock of tender glances and endearments. His ſoul was no longer in a continued emotion of paſſion; a new warmth was continually to be excited. As often as ſhe looſened him from her embrace, ſhe felt a new conviction that ſhe had totally loſt her power over him.

He now made more minute enquiries relative to her relations, and ſhe was compelled to have recourſe to one ſubterfuge after the other. Confeſs the truth, ſaid he, at laſt, with a laugh that had almoſt the appearance of a ſneer; all that you have told me is mere fiction; and you have different reaſons for being here from thoſe you pretended. Julia felt the reproaches of conſcience; ſhe bluſhed, then turned pale, and entangled herſelf in new contradictions. Hennig broke off the converſation, and left her with very evident coldneſs.

He now could attend to buſineſs as be-

fore, without thinking of Julia. When ſhe threw herſelf in his way, he ſpoke to her, indeed, but with coldneſs, and only common politeneſs. He was fully convinced that ſhe had deceived him; yet he ſtill ſometimes made enquiries of her relative to her hiſtory, and what ſhe had in view. She obſtinately perſiſted in her firſt ſtory, though her memory was ſo treacherous with reſpect to the principal circumſtances, that ſhe frequently aſſerted one day the directly oppoſite to what ſhe had ſaid the day before.

At length ſhe one morning learned, to her great regret, that the foreſter Halden had removed to another part of the town. In the evening, therefore, as ſoon as it was ſufficiently dark, ſhe haſtened to Selenberg, and related to him the whole progreſs of the affair from the beginning to the end. He laughed, and, from time to time, ſhook his head; but when ſhe came to that part of her ſtory which obliged her to confeſs that Hennig had ſuddenly changed from the warmeſt paſſion to the cooleſt indiffer-

ence, he ſaid to her: Silly girl, you might have been madam Halden had you known how to manage a ſentimental ſimpleton. But it is very well as it is. You muſt now return home, and reſign yourſelf to ſolitude and melancholy. When any one looks on you, you muſt put your handkerchief to your eyes, bewail your misfortune, and exclaim againſt the faithleſſneſs and treachery of men. The part you have to act is not yet ended.

By means of a third or fourth perſon, Selenberg contrived that a young nobleman of the court ſhould be induced to notice Julia's beauty, and at the ſame time have it whiſpered to him that ſhe had been the miſtreſs of Mr. foreſter Halden. He ſaw her, thought her enchantingly handſome, made enquiries, and hired the very apartments which Hennig had occupied. Julia lived in a very retired manner, and wept almoſt without intermiſſion. He was told by the people of the houſe, that there had been a great intimacy between her and Mr. foreſter

foreſter Halden; but that he had ſuddenly left his apartments, ſince which the poor young lady had been continually weeping day and night, enough to melt the heart of a ſtone.

This ſtory was quickly circulated abroad, and related with many conſiderable additions at court. Soon after it was carried by very natural modes of conveyance to the old couſin at Ranſleben, who kept up a correſpondence with ſeveral perſons in the capital.—Read there, my young lady, ſaid ſhe to Louiſa, ſhewing her the letter ſhe had received. She read it, and was not a little ſhocked; but obſerving the malicious ſmile of the old lady, ſhe returned her the letter, ſaying: Is there nothing elſe to be ſaid about Halden? I wonder they have ſaid ſo little. It was not long, however, before ſeveral viſitors arrived from the capital, who all concurred in the ſtory that Mr. foreſter Halden had carried on an intrigue with a beautiful young lady. He is ſtill ſtrongly attached to her, ſaid ſome.—No, he has

forſaken her, ſaid another—She is almoſt dead with grief. I myſelf have ſeen her walking up and down in the garden, and ſhedding tears of anguiſh. She is very handſome: that cannot be denied.

All this was like a dagger plunged into the heart of Louiſa; but ſtill ſhe pertinaciouſly believed in Hennig's virtue—It is mere ſlander, ſaid ſhe to herſelf; this is evident from the different and contradictory ways in which the ſtory is told. She defended his character to her father with the warmeſt zeal. The count ſhook his head, and ſaid with an air of ſagacity: I muſt ſtrictly enquire into it, and for that purpoſe will myſelf make a journey to the capital.

The old couſin now wrote to the chamberlain's lady, that this journey was reſolved on; and Charles repaired, with all haſte, to Selenberg at the capital. A very exact deſcription of the perſon and appearance of Louiſa was communicated to Julia, becauſe

becauſe the latter had told the old lady that ſhe would herſelf ſee and have ſome converſation with her rival.

Louiſa's heart beat ſtronger and ſtronger as ſhe approached the capital; and immediately after her arrival ſhe ſent to inform Hennig of it: but he was not there; Selenberg having contrived that ſome of his acquaintances ſhould prevail on him to make a little excurſion with them for a few days. Louiſa now grew more uneaſy. In the evening ſhe put on her veil, wrapped herſelf up in a large cloak, took her waiting-maid with her, and repaired in much agitation to the ſuburb. She went to the houſe where Julia lodged, and requeſted permiſſion to go through the garden into the field where ſhe had ordered her waiting-maid to attend her. As the maſter of the houſe was a cabinet-maker, ſhe aſked the price of a table that ſtood in the ſhop, and bought it without a word. The converſation then began. Louiſa made ſome enquiries relative to Mr. foreſter Halden,

Halden, to which the cabinet-makr's wife replied by a ſignificant ſhrug of the ſhoulders. There are, ſaid Louiſa, ſome very ſtrange ſtories in circulation concerning Mr. Halden. I am told there is a young lady lives ſomewhere in this neighbourhood——

In this houſe, my dear madam, in this very houſe, lives the poor unhappy young lady who has been ſo ſeduced.

Louiſa ſat herſelf down in an arm-chair, and held her fan before her face, to hide the death-like paleneſs with which it was overſpread; for ſhe felt that all the blood was forſaking her cheeks, and aſked with a trembling voice: Seduced? By whom?

By whom? By whom but by Mr. foreſter Halden? I'll tell you, madam. The poor young thing was placed here by a relation, who knew that we were ſober and regular people. Ah! were you only to know what poor Julia had ſuffered before! Well, madam, ſhe came here, and lived very retired and quiet. But preſently this Mr. Halden followed her every where.

Sometimes

Sometimes he would be with her in the garden, at others they walked out into the field together. He, too, ſeemed to be very ſober and ſolid; and very unlike the riotous young gentlemen of theſe times; and he is, beſides, as handſome as if he was made of wax. Well, ſo it is! At laſt they were every evening together, either in the field or the arbour, and then the garden-door was always left open. Then ſhe would be the whole night with him in his chamber; though that we did not know till afterwards, and then there was ſuch embracing, careſſing, and kiſſing! Dry wood, they ſay, ſoon burns. But ſee what young men are! He grew tired of her, I ſuppoſe, before it was long, and we ſaw no more of him; and ſince that time the poor forſaken girl has never had a dry eye. She will not hear of comfort, but continually bewails her unfortunate condition; and I am afraid ſhe has but too much reaſon.

Reaſon! What reaſon? aſked Louiſa confuſed and trembling.

Why,

Why, dear miſs, you may eaſily imagine. The poor girl was frequently with him whole nights in his chamber: and a young couple like them rarely meet together only to pray. I ſhould not wonder if ſhe were with child by him.

A deep ſigh burſt from Louiſa's heart at theſe alarming words; and ſhe roſe up with a determination to ſpeak to Julia; though what ſhe had heard from the woman of the houſe left but little room for doubt. She bid her maid follow her into the garden.

Julia came towards her, recognized her immediately from the deſcription ſhe had received of her, and began a converſation on ſome indifferent ſubject. Louiſa made a ſign to her maid to go on into the field, and ſeated herſelf in the arbour with Julia. She would not, however, have been able to have introduced the topic ſhe wiſhed, if Julia had not met her half-way. Alas! ſaid ſhe, a mournful countenance is now the ſight moſt ſuitable to my ſtate of mind; and you, miſs, appear inclinable to melancholy.

lancholy. The converſation was now begun, and Louiſa repeated what ſhe had been told by the woman of the houſe; expreſſing at the ſame time, in the moſt tender manner, her commiſeration. Alas! replied Julia, burſting into tears, I cannot deny it, were I ſo inclined; and why ſhould I have made a ſecret of my love, when the perfidious man ſo often aſſured me that he would marry me?

Marry you! exclaimed Louiſa in a low voice, and claſping the hand of Julia with trembling emotion.

Alas! this promiſe, in which I fondly confided, has made me unſpeakably wretched. The treacherous man alone knows how dreadful, how irretrievable is the condition in which he has left me.

Gracious heaven! exclaimed Louiſa, raiſing her hands, and in a tone of anguiſh which evidently ſhewed her very heart was rent. Julia was alarmed, and caſt to the ground her eyes, which ſhrunk from the light. A painful remorſe ſhot through her guilty

guilty ſoul. She took Louiſa's hands and drew them down; thinking ſhe ſaw that innocence which ſhe had plunged in miſery by her treacherous arts, calling the vengeance of heaven upon her head. No, ſaid ſhe, he is not a baſe deceiver; I, I am the wretch.—In fact, no human creature, no fiend, not Selenberg himſelf, could have witneſſed the expreſſion of Louiſa's anguiſh, and not have repented, and endeavoured to repair the crime committed.

Julia fled from the reproaches of her conſcience, and, thinking ſhe had diſcovered to Louiſa the whole ſcene of treachery, haſtily left her, and retired to her chamber. Louiſa went trembling and comfortleſs into the field, where ſhe found her maid, on whoſe arm ſhe leaned while ſhe returned home, with a heart rent with grief, and pierced with reflections on the wickedneſs and faithleſſneſs of men.

Julia, in the mean time, hurried to Selenberg. Pale and breathleſs, ſhe ruſhed into

into his chamber. No, ſaid ſhe, I will no longer act the parts of treachery and baſeneſs; I muſt be gone, elſe I ſhall diſcover all, and then you may act as you think proper.

It was not without conſiderable difficulty that Selenberg could learn from her what had thrown her into this violent agitation. She deſcribed to him the expreſſion of diſtreſsful feelings, which ſhe had witneſſed in Louiſa; and told him that it had filled her ſoul with horror and remorſe. Even Selenberg felt a kind of compaſſion for Louiſa; but he could not think of going back. He gave Julia the ſum of money he had promiſed her; and ſhe ſet off, the ſame night, as ſoon as ſhe had packed up her clothes, to return to her father. Her departure was by no means diſagreeable to Selenberg, for it completely prevented any diſcovery of his plot. The poiſon had been inſtilled, and there was nothing to prevent its operation.

The

The unhappy Louiſa, when ſhe returned to her chamber, gave herſelf up to deſpair; yet would love occaſionally whiſper: No; it could not be Halden; Julia muſt have been miſtaken. Though ſhe could not perceive how there could have been any error, ſhe liſtened to this flattering ſuggeſtion, and the next morning repaired again to the houſe where Julia had lodged, to talk with her on the ſubject more calmly. She recollected that Julia had exclaimed "No; he is not a baſe deceiver;"—and ſhe wiſhed to have theſe words more fully explained. When, cheriſhing a kind of feeble hope in her heart, ſhe entered the unfortunate houſe, ſhe learned that Julia had gone away the preceding night. I know not how to account for the ſtrange behaviour of that young lady, ſaid the cabinet-maker's wife; ſhe told me that ſhe wiſhed ſhe had never ſeen you, and ſeemed to be in greater diſtreſs and anxiety than ever. Her behaviour was indeed ſo very ſingular, that I began to have ſome ſtrange

thoughts,

thoughts. When ſhe was going away ſhe ſaid: Ah! I wiſh I had never ſuffered myſelf to be perſuaded to ſuch a thing! Poor young lady! I aſked her, What young lady? and ſhe ſaid, The lady who was here yeſterday, meaning you.

Me! replied Louiſa, her countenance brightening with a ſmile indicatory of her hope that there might have been ſome fraud in this affair, and that Hennig might ſtill be innocent. The good woman was now obliged to repeat the whole ſtory again with all its circumſtances; but her account ſtill continued the ſame. She had a broom in her hand, and ſaid at laſt: I was juſt going to ſweep out the chamber of the poor lady. Louiſa went with her, from curioſity to ſee where Julia had lived. At this moment ſome perſon rang, and the woman of the houſe was obliged to go down to the door. Louiſa remained in the chamber alone, and ſtood near a bureau, the drawer of which was half open. In it Louiſa ſaw a paper, which ſhe took up, and with no

ſmall

ſmall aſtoniſhment, found to be a billet to Julia in the hand-writing of Hennig. Its contents were as follows:

"No, Julia, ſuch a night muſt not be paſſed again. You make yourſelf unhappy, and me wretched. My heart bleeds, but I muſt not, cannot ſee you again. You know the bonds by which I am bound: no longer will I deceive the pure, the faithful heart of Louiſa. Such a night muſt not be again! Conſider how eaſily the happineſs of three perſons may be deſtroyed. Adieu. I ſhall not ſee you to-day.

"H."

A heavy tear fell ſlowly from the eye of Louiſa, and a coldneſs ſtruck to her heart as ſhe read this billet. She put it into her pocket, and went down ſtairs into the garden, and through the field home. As ſhe went, the pride of her ſex roſe ſuperior to every other ſenſation in her ſoul, and ſhe became cold even to inſenſibility. He is a very contemptible man, ſaid ſhe to herſelf, and her pace continually quickened.

When ſhe had reached home, ſhe retired ſtill cold and indifferent to her chamber. The old couſin had been informed, by perſons ſhe had employed to watch her, that Louiſa had been, both that morning and the day before, to the ſuburb; ſhe now, therefore, queſtioned her on the ſubject—Well, ſaid ſhe, have you procured any intelligence whether the ſtory ſo generally circulated in the town about Mr. foreſter Halden be true or not?

Louiſa anſwered coldly: You were in the right, couſin; Halden is a deſpicable man. All I ſhall aſk of you for the future is, that you will never more mention his name in my preſence. She then aſked for a ſheet of paper, and wrote the following note:

"I cannot more ſtrongly expreſs my contempt for Mr. foreſter Halden, than by returning him the incloſed billet written by his own hand.

"LOUISA ESPENBRUCH."

She

She incloſed both the notes within a cover, ſealed it, and wrote the addreſs with a trembling hand; then rang the bell, and ſaid with ſomewhat of an air of dignity to the ſervant who attended: Take this to Mr. foreſter Halden's: let it be given to him as ſoon as he returns. Be careful of it; it is of ſome importance.

About an hour after ſhe ſaw the ſervant again, and aſked him coldly whether he had delivered the letter ſhe gave him. He replied: I have, and have myſelf ſeen Mr. Halden, who was returned. I aſked him if I was to wait for an anſwer; but he immediately turned as pale as death, and went back into his chamber without ſpeaking a word. After waiting ſome time, I got his ſervant to go in to him; but on his return he ſhook his head ſignificantly, and ſaid: There is no occaſion for any anſwer.

Theſe few words made ſuch an impreſſion on Louiſa, that ſhe was obliged to turn away her face. Her heart ſtill ſeemed to tell her he was innocent; but her ſenſe of

honour enjoined it ſilence. She gave orders to the ſervants, if Halden ſhould come, that he ſhould not be admitted; but the heavily-puniſhed, the unhappy, the timid Halden did not come.

He ſat at home in diſtreſsful ſilence, with Louiſa's billet in his hand, and condemned himſelf as more guilty than he really was. Julia had at firſt excited his commiſeration, and then worked on his paſſions; but his heart had never been falſe to his Louiſa. Soon as he found the virtue of Julia doubtful, all her charms loſt their power over him; it was no longer difficult for him to remove from her neighbourhood; and the moment he entered his new abode his love for Louiſa revived in all its former force. What he felt for Julia perhaps rendered him juſtly liable to the imputation of inconſtancy; but—let him who is certain that he could have reſiſted all the temptations with which Hennig was aſſailed, caſt the firſt ſtone at him.

How could my billet have come into the hands

hands of Louiſa? thought Hennig when he had a little recovered from the ſhock he felt at reading her letter. He took his hat and ſtick, haſtened to the place of Julia's reſidence, and learned with the utmoſt ſurpriſe, that ſhe was no longer there. The landlady told him, that yeſterday and that day a young lady had been there, who ſeemed to take a great intereſt in the fate of Julia. From her deſcription he was convinced this lady was Louiſa, which threw him into ſtill greater perplexity. As he walked ſlowly home he again revolved in his mind every incident of this adventure. Could it be poſſible that the whole ſhould have been a contrivance to render him hated by his Louiſa? Many circumſtances ſeemed to ſupport this conjecture; yet on the whole every thing might be very naturally attributed to accident, without ſuppoſing any artful deſign—I have loſt her, exclaimed he at laſt, and abandoned himſelf to deſpair.

He had ſtill, however, a very zealous and powerful advocate with Louiſa; for Suſan, though ſhe had been expreſſly ordered by her miſtreſs not to mention his name, and, for a little while, had obeyed that order, heard ſo much of him from the game-keeper, that ſhe was at laſt obliged to give vent to her full heart.—Lord have mercy upon me! ſaid ſhe; I will certainly be ſilent, I will not ſay a word; but I could wiſh that his body might be brought and laid before your window here, when he is dead, for I queſtion if he will live a month, poor gentleman!.

Louiſa's fancy now dwelt in a kind of dream on the image which Suſan had thus conjured up before her.—He is waſted to a ſhadow, continued Suſan; he neither eats nor drinks. His ſervants ſay it would move a ſtone to ſee him. And after all, what has he done ſo very bad? Perhaps been a little gallant to a pretty lady.

Louiſa's compaſſion now changed into indignation:

indignation: Silence, girl, ſaid ſhe with warmth; he is a baſe man.

Yes, I will be ſilent, rejoined Suſan; but I muſt ſpeak once, elſe my heart would break. You have leſs pity than a ſtone, and you will be ſorry for it when you know what I know. Yes, I will ſay nothing, though it is like a bullet through my heart. But I am not to blame; I have told you in time.

Louiſa, when Suſan ſaid this, ſeemed to feel a bullet pierce her own heart. She looked up and perceived that the poor girl's eyes were filled with tears. Were he not guilty—ſaid ſhe in a milder tone of voice—But no; Oh heavens! he is a wretched baſe man. Let him do what he pleaſes; I will hear no more of him.

Such converſations frequently paſſed between the miſtreſs and the maid; and at laſt the latter got the game-keeper to intimate to Hennig, that if he would aſk to be

permitted to ſee Louiſa, ſhe would certainly forgive him.

Hennig dared not believe this. He ſeemed to himſelf to make a kind of atonement to Louiſa for the wrong he had done her, by reſigning all hope of her. I feel, thought he, that I do not deſerve the heart of Louiſa, and I muſt ſhew her that I feel it. Life was now become a burthen to him, and he had frequently thoughts of entering into the Ruſſian army, which was employed againſt the Turks. This thought continually grew ſtronger in his mind, both becauſe there was danger in the plan, and becauſe it was connected with a kind of hope—She will weep and tremble for me, thought Hennig, when ſhe hears how near I am to death; and probably, at laſt, will recall and pardon me. He had, alſo, another ſtill ſtronger ground of hope. He muſt, when he went, go to take his leave of her, and then he would tell her, that to

atone

atone for his fault he went to expoſe himſelf to death. As often as he revolved this matter in his mind, he concluded by a determination to go, though a ſort of ſecret hope ſtill remained that Louiſa would not ſuffer him to depart. When he had completely formed his plan, he determined to ſpeak to Louiſa; though, only, as he endeavoured to perſuade himſelf, to bid her farewell.

Suſan undertook either to introduce him, or to obtain Louiſa's permiſſion for him to viſit her. The latter, however, was impoſſible; for Louiſa would not hear any thing of the faithleſs Hennig. Yet ſhe every afternoon told her maid that ſhe ſhould ſtay in her own chamber, and not go into the drawing-room. And when, in the evening, ſhe heard any knock at the door, ſhe trembled, and thought it was Halden. Suſan, therefore, ran very little riſk of diſpleaſing her when ſhe carried her plan into execution; which it was the eaſier for her to do, as the count had taken his lodgings in a

large inn, where a great deal of company went and came.

One evening Hennig came, wrapt up in a large cloak, and went trembling behind Suſan, who had expected him. There, ſaid ſhe in a whiſper, and pointed to the door of the chamber. Hennig fetched a deep ſigh, and was drawing back; but Suſan took his cloak off, opened the door of the chamber, and puſhed him in, half out of humour at his want of courage.

Louiſa, who ſat leaning her head on her hand, looked up with moiſt eyes, and ſaw him ſtand pale and trembling at the door. Both were too much affected to ſpeak. Louiſa caſt down her eyes, that ſhe might no longer look on the dangerous man; for ſhe felt a kind of impulſe from her heart to receive him with open arms, and ſay, I forgive you.

Hennig at length aſked, in a tone which penetrated her ſoul: May your unhappy lover be permitted to ſee you once more? Louiſa felt an emotion of the tendereſt pity, but

but ſhe could not grant her pardon ſo ſuddenly. You have been faithleſs to me, ſaid ſhe in a tone between that of an aſſertion and a queſtion. Hennig was ſilent with the conſciouſneſs of his guilt.—You have been faithleſs to me, ſaid ſhe ſomewhat more harſhly, wiſhing to force him to deny the charge; but he was again ſilent for ſome time, and then only ſaid with a mournful accent, I am come to bid you farewell. Have you been faithleſs to me? aſked Louiſa the third time, and in a tone of more ſorrowful and anxious enquiry, the word farewell having ſoftened her a little.

Alas! Louiſa, replied he, why do you compell me to pronounce my own condemnation? Yes, I was for a moment guilty—A wretched hour of weakneſs—Yes, I have been faithleſs to thee.

Louiſa found in theſe words more than Hennig had meant to ſay—A wretched hour of weakneſs!—The conjecture of the cabinet-maker's wife as to the ſituation of Julia now occurred to her. Her cheeks glowed

at the thought, and jealouſy extinguiſhed all the gentler emotions of her heart—Leave me, ſaid ſhe angrily, you are a baſe man!

Louiſa, ſaid Hennig with much agitation, ſhall this be my farewell? Let me but once more hear the voice of thy tenderneſs; and then I will go and leave thee; and the friendly ſword of the Turk——

Louiſa interrupted him: her jealouſy had now reached its height. She beheld, in imagination, Julia in his arms, and ſaid with a haughty and even a ſcornful air: You are a deceiver—The ſword of the Turk! Ha! ha! I congratulate you on your invention—Probably you have found another fair one, in whoſe arms you may revel; and you would have us believe you are among ſwords and ſcymitars—I deſpiſe you, ſir.

Hennig felt himſelf juſtly reproached, but at the ſame time was irritated. The ſcoffing of Louiſa had rouſed his pride, and he was now leſs ſenſible to the loſs of her. He bowed in ſilence, and left the room. What

ſucceſs?

ſucceſs? aſked Suſan as he retired.—It is all as it ſhould be, anſwered he coldly: Give me my cloak, Suſan; Good night.—He went ſlowly down the ſtairs, and Suſan followed him, endeavouring to learn ſomething more ſatisfactory; but he gave her no anſwer.

Louiſa was agitated with the moſt violent emotions, as ſoon as ſhe heard Hennig ſhut the door after him. She now beheld a thouſand Turkiſh ſabres hanging over his head; and her imagination preſented to her this horrid image in ſuch lively colours, that ſhe ſprang to the bell, and rang it with violence. She wiſhed to ſend Suſan after Hennig to prevent him from going againſt the Turks. Suſan, however, was below at the door, and did not hear the bell; but the old lady, the count's couſin, came running in great haſte. What is the matter, lady Louiſa? cried ſhe, not a little alarmed at ſeeing her pale and trembling. Oh heavens! exclaimed Louiſa in her confuſion, I am ſuddenly taken very ill.

ill. The old lady now rang ſtill more violently, and Suſan at laſt came. The count likewiſe came, and a phyſician was ſent for, who declared that Louiſa was in a high fever. She was, therefore, got to bed, and the old lady's maid was ordered to attend her, it being not thought proper to truſt to ſuch a girl as Suſan in ſuch a caſe. Suſan was directed, notwithſtanding all the oppoſition Louiſa could make to it, to wait on the old lady; and poor Louiſa had therefore now no perſon whom ſhe could ſend after her dear inconſtant, to diſſuade him from his raſh deſign.

To return to Hennig: He had loſt all hope, every ray of which appeared to be vaniſhed. This alone would have been ſufficient to induce him to perſevere in his reſolution; but to this were added the ſarcaſms of Louiſa, which rendered it impoſſible for him to heſitate. A coward under ſuch circumſtances would have been impelled by ſhame to ruſh into the battle; how much more, then, a youth who had de-

rived from his firſt tutor, the old huſſar, a fondneſs for a military life, and whom his uncle could ſcarcely reſtrain from entering into the army! The heart of Hennig was now indifferent to every thing, and eſpecially to what might be his own future fate. A battle would now have been to him moſt deſirable, and he would not have avoided danger, but ruſhed into it.

He recollected, however, in the midſt of all the agitation of his mind, that he muſt firſt apply to the prince for his permiſſion; and this, as he had an opportunity, he reſolved to do that ſame evening. He accordingly, in terms rather peculiar, requeſted his diſmiſſion, or at leaſt leave of abſence. The prince, who had heard ſomething of his adventures with Julia and Louiſa, imagined it ſome affair of gallantry, and ſaid with a ſmile: Certainly not your diſmiſſion, Halden, but leave of abſence for as long as you pleaſe. Hennig bowed in ſilence, and immediately went to the Ruſſian envoy, with whom he had frequently

quently before converſed on the moſt adviſeable manner of entering into the Ruſſian army. The miniſter, on Hennig's again reſuming the ſubject, entered into a long enumeration of the advantages attending the Ruſſian ſervice. Hennig interrupted him by obſerving—I ſeek not advantage, I only wiſh to be employed in the Ruſſian army; but I muſt ſet out this very night. He waited till the envoy had written a letter of recommendation to a Ruſſian general; which having received, he took his leave, went home, and wrote a ſhort note to his uncle, in which he excuſed the ſtep he had taken from his ſtrong predilection for a military life; and requeſted that it might not diminiſh that affectionate regard he had always manifeſted towards him. With this note he ſent off a ſervant, whom he did not intend to take with him, to Sollingen, while another, in whoſe fidelity he could confide, attended him on his journey. He took up ſome money of the envoy, for which he gave a bill of exchange on his uncle;

uncle; and preciſely at midnight, as the moon was riſing, mounted his horſe, and took the road to Sileſia, as the neareſt to the Ruſſian army.

The next morning Louiſa was tolerably recovered, and Suſan again came to her. Is it to be endured, ſaid ſhe to herſelf, that I ſhould ſtill concern myſelf ſo much about this baſe man? At laſt, however, ſhe commiſſioned Suſan to enquire after Halden. You muſt, ſaid ſhe, diſſuade him from that extravagant project of going to fight the Turks; but you muſt not ſay a word about me. I am only concerned for the poor major, who is ſo violently fond of this capricious inconſtant youth. Suſan promiſed to do her beſt. She ſent out the game-keeper to make enquiry; but in an hour's time returned again to her miſtreſs's chamber, with a woful countenance, and fetching a deep ſigh. Louiſa turned pale when ſhe ſaw her, and had not courage to aſk her what ſhe had learned. Mr. Halden, ſaid Suſan, at laſt, in a ſorrowful tone,

is

is gone; he went away laſt night.—Gone! exclaimed Louiſa, while the tears guſhed into her eyes.—I believe, indeed, added Suſan, he is gone to the army.—Louiſa, to comfort herſelf, was, however, willing to ſuppoſe that he was gone firſt to Sollingen, and that on the morrow——I muſt go to Ranſleben to-morrow, or, indeed, to-day. My father will not refuſe me my requeſt—Ah, Suſan! added Louiſa aloud; I am very unfortunate! Such a headſtrong—— His uncle ſaid very rightly.—Ah! who knows, my lady, what harſh words you might uſe to him yeſterday?—Louiſa ſighed.

Suſan now, likewiſe, learned that Halden had not gone to Sollingen, but had ſent a ſervant with a letter to the major: this diſcovery, however, ſhe did not communicate to her lady. About noon the count heard the envoy ſay, in a company in which he was, that Mr. foreſter Halden had ſet out that morning for Ruſſia; and in the evening he told this to his daughter, adding, I am glad he is gone. His reſtleſs

leſs diſpoſition is conſtant to nothing. He is a great favourite with the prince, and yet he will not ſtay with him. His fooliſh affair with the girl I could pardon, but I cannot forgive him this laſt imprudence. The elder Halden is quite another kind of young man. Do you know where he is, couſin? He has diſappeared on a ſudden without taking leave.

Louiſa retired to her chamber, and felt herſelf extremely unhappy; for ſhe was well convinced that it was ſhe who had driven the wretched Hennig to brave the dangers of the bloody field, and ſeek relief in death.

While all this paſſed, the major remained at home with old Hennig and his wife and daughter; who in the warm ſummer evenings were aſſembled round him, under the linden-trees before his houſe at Sollingen, while he amuſed himſelf with reading a letter from Hennig or Seibold. On a ſudden, however, he received no more letters from either, and grew not a little uneaſy; when, one evening, while he was

ſitting

ſitting as uſual under the linden-trees, a letter was brought him in the hand-writing of a ſtranger. He read it, became thoughtful, read it again with more attention, then got up, whiſtled the Deſſau march, and went away without ſpeaking a word. He ſoon after came back again, and large drops of ſweat ſtood on his forehead. He ſat down by the ſide of his wife, and ſaid: My children, you muſt hear the news I have received by this Job's meſſenger. This is a letter from poor Seibold.

"My dear major, the blackeſt wickedneſs, or the moſt unlucky accident, has thrown me into the hands of an Auſtrian recruiting party. I am taken as a recruit, and ſhall be carried I know not whither, probably to Hungary. You ſhall hear from me as ſoon as I have an opportunity to write. I am narrowly watched, and write theſe lines on a ſcrap of paper in the dark. Heaven will guide my hand, ſo that the marks I make will be legible to you. I ſuſpect Emilia is in danger.

"SEIBOLD."

Below

Below in large letters was the addreſs of the major; and a promiſe of four louis-d'ors to him who ſhould carry the letter. The landlord of an inn on the Bohemian frontiers had found this piece of paper in his houſe, and given it to a proteſtant clergyman who had put up there, and who had incloſed it in a cover, and put it into the poſt at the next town. In this manner it reached Sollingen.

This life I perceive clearly, continued the major after a long pauſe, is not the houſe of joy. Saying this, he took his cap off, as he always did when any misfortune happened to him, and walked up and down, with a haſty ſtep, under the linden-trees.—Hem, ſaid he at laſt, ſo long as we do but know where he is; I'll warrant he ſhall have his liberty again: that will only coſt a little money. Would to God it were well over! But what has this to do with Emilia? They will not take her as a recruit to Hungary too! Well, who knows but the foreſter may be already on horſeback? In

he

the morning we will go to the capital, and we ſhall ſoon find which way Seibold is gone—But there comes William; and Hennig I dare ſay is not very far off.

William, without ſaying a word, delivered Hennig's letter. The major turned pale as he read it; gave it to his wife, with a countenance ſtrongly expreſſive of the emotions of his heart, and threw his cap on the ground. Off with your cap, old man, ſaid he; all is over. Let us pray to God for a quiet and eaſy death, for there is no more pleaſure to be expected in this world. The boy is gone; gone to the Ruſſian army to fight againſt the Turks. Gracious God! Seibold, Emilia, and Hennig! the three apples of my eyes! Gone againſt the Turks.

He may come back again, dear huſband; ſaid the major's lady, endeavouring to comfort him, though not a little in want of comfort herſelf.

Come back again! Gracious heaven! Yes, I know he *may* come back again—

But

But it is not there as it was in Bohemia and Sileſia. Muſquet-balls and bayonets are the leaſt of the danger. There is the plague —the plague—What can the poor youth have got in his head?—William, come hither, my boy—He now began to examine the ſervant, who told him a long and confuſed ſtory about the lady who lodged at the cabinet-maker's, miſs Louiſa, the count's game-keeper, and Suſan the maid. The major could make nothing at all out of it. —Let our horſes be ſaddled, cried he to old Hennig, we will go to-night to the capital.

Immediately on his arrival there the major applied to the old page, who ſaid to him, with a melancholy countenance, I perceive you already know that your niece has been conveyed away from Waldengrund. The major folded his hands, and ſat down, overpowered with what he heard. She too!—ſaid he, and Hennig gone againſt the Turks, and Seibold a recruit! Gracious God! what further miſeries haſt thou in reſerve for a poor old man? I wiſh

I were

I were ſhut up out of the way in ſome dungeon, or laid quietly in my grave. God forgive me! but this world is full of trouble. I wiſh the honeſt old man, who came with me here, had left me to the Coſſacs—Which way ſhall I turn me firſt? Alas! my poor children!

It now occurred to him that Selenberg might have conveyed Emilia away; but this did not ſeem probable to the page, who remarked that Selenberg had not left the capital for a week. The major was therefore completely perplexed, and knew not what he ſhould do firſt. The circumſtances of the carrying away of Emilia afforded him no light whatever; and *ſhe*, ſaid he, muſt be firſt attended to and reſcued, for ſhe is a weak, defenceleſs girl. He rode back to Moorberg: the chamberlain knew nothing. Charles was not there, and Mrs. Halden anſwered him very ambiguouſly. He next went to Ranſleben. Louiſa conſidered herſelf as having deprived him of his favourite nephew, and would not ſee him;

him; but the count related to him all the hiſtory of Hennig and Julia; adding, The lady diſappeared at the ſame time with your nephew, ſo that his going to the Ruſſian army is very likely only a pretence. And what ſays your daughter? aſked the major much perplexed and diſconcerted. Oh! replied the count, you may eaſily imagine what effect ſuch conduct had upon her. It neceſſarily produced jealouſy, anger, hatred, contempt, and at laſt indifference. She thinks no more of her fickle, faithleſs lover: but I hope we may yet be related.

The major rode home with a heavy heart, and could reſolve on nothing further than to keep a watchful eye on the people at Moorberg. He went to bed without ſpeaking a word, and full of grief.

In the morning, when he came out of his chamber, he ſaid: If I had heard that he was ill of the plague, it would not have gone ſo much to my heart as to think that he ſhould have acted meanly. He then told all the ſtory that he had heard, which old Hen-

nig declared muſt be falſe from the beginning to the end—Yes, ſaid he peeviſhly, that is what I ſaid. But we muſt wait to ſee what is the truth. If it be ſo, God forgive him! So much as I was willing to do for him, ſo much as I have pleaded for him, both with the count and lady Louiſa, and now he breaks his faith with the good and amiable girl, and ſins both againſt God and man!

If it's true, interrupted old Hennig: If it's true: remember that.

If it's true? replied the major—Did you not hear what William ſaid? Ah! I am a poor unhappy ſoul: yet I could forgive him if he would but come back again.

Thus he went on, day after day. Sometimes, however, he would recollect Seibold; and ſuddenly exclaim: God bleſs him and proſper him! It is a comfort that I can ſay that of him. Then he would be ſilent, and think of Hennig.

Sometimes, when he came out of his chamber in a morning, he would ſay: If

Selenberg

Selenberg has been the cauſe of unhappineſs to Emilia, God forgive him! Where can the poor child be? Oh, what hard-hearted parents! The patience of Heaven is wonderful, that it does not puniſh ſo much wickedneſs. But if Selenberg has acted rightly, God bleſs him! and the truth cannot always remain concealed.

The major had not been miſtaken in his conjecture; Selenberg had actually conveyed Emilia away, or rather procured her to be conveyed away: but to explain this we muſt go farther back.

The reader may remember that Emilia left the villa of the prince in an open carriage. As ſoon as it was day-light, at the requeſt of the driver, ſhe laid herſelf down at the bottom of it. About noon they ſtopped at a lonely public-houſe to bait, Emilia ſtill keeping cloſe at the bottom, and not ſhewing herſelf. In the night ſhe made her bed among ſome ſtraw which was in the carriage; and her old driver, in whoſe countenance benevolence was conſpicuous,

covered her with a cloak, and took care of her like a father, though he had not ſpoken to her ten words. The next morning their road lay through a fruitful plain, ſcattered over with numerous villages; and here Emilia was obliged to act with the ſame caution as on the preceding day. In the evening they alighted at a ſolitary public-houſe. On the third day they proceeded again through the plain; but towards evening paſſed over ſome high hills, and through thick woods. On the fourth morning the driver ſaid: Now you are ſafe, miſs Schlutern, (for that was the name which the old page had given to Emilia) you may now ſit up without fear.

The carriage proceeded ſlowly onwards; the country continually grew more wild, the rocks higher, and the woods thicker. At length they entered a valley ſurrounded on every ſide by lofty rocks. In this valley was a large houſe, and in an open ſpace between the rocks a row of ſmall cottages. This is Waldengrund, ſaid the driver, the place we were coming to.

Emilia ſurveyed the wild mountainous country in which ſhe was for ſome time to take up her reſidence, and was convinced that ſhe ſhould here be out of the reach of all enquiry. The carriage ſtopped before a great houſe, which in many parts was only a grand ruin. The old man led Emilia up a high ſtair-caſe, through long galleries and large halls, into a wing of the building in which was a ſmall apartment. He opened the door of it, and ſaid: Here is your chamber: you are welcome.

Emilia went to the window and gave a free courſe to her tears. She then threw herſelf on the bed, and ſoon fell aſleep, overpowered by the fatigue ſhe had undergone. When ſhe awaked, a few hours after, ſhe felt herſelf much refreſhed, and more calm. She opened a window on the other ſide, from which ſhe had the proſpect of a very pleaſant country. A valley, which appeared formerly to have been a garden, was bounded on each ſide by a range of

rocks, and ſhut in by a high mountain overgrown with woods.

A girl now brought her her breakfaſt; after eating which ſhe went down into the garden, to take a nearer view of the ſcene. Dark walks arched over with trees led her farther into the valley, and at length ſhe found herſelf cloſe to a natural grotto, formed in the rock, overgrown with evergreens, honey-ſuckles, and wild-vines. Through the leaves ſhe ſaw a young woman ſitting near the entrance of the grotto, buſily employed with her needle. In the pleaſing countenance of the young woman, who did not look up from her work, were diſcernible ſome light traces of melancholy, which rendered it ſtill more intereſting. She now raiſed her head, and Emilia ſaw a fine blue eye, which, however, appeared to be ſomewhat dimmed with grief—Is it you, Sophia? ſaid the young woman, perceiving through the leaves that ſome perſon was approaching.

Emilia

Emilia now came forward. Miſs Schlu-tern! ſaid the young woman, I am happy to ſee you here. Emilia curtſeyed. At the ſame moment a little girl, about ſeven years of age, came running into the grotto, ſaying, Dear mamma, here am I. Emilia careſſed the child, and the mother looked at her with eyes full of maternal tenderneſs, and a ſmile of affection. The two ſtrangers now began to become acquainted with each other. The young woman was named Mrs. Schwarz. Emilia's driver, Mr. Grell, brother-in-law to the old page, was her father, and the child her daughter.

When Emilia heard that Mr. Grell was ſo nearly related to the old page, ſhe began to relate her hiſtory, and preſently Mrs. Schwarz was in tears. Emilia broke off her narrative; but her new friend entreated her to proceed, ſaying, while ſhe tenderly preſſed her hand: Do not be ſurpriſed that your ſtory makes ſuch an impreſſion on me; for I, too, have ſuffered much.

When Emilia had ended her hiſtory,

Mrs. Schwarz left the grotto, and went to the other ſide of the garden, where ſhe walked up and down, for ſome time, under a row of elms. Emilia took the little girl, and walked out into the valley, wondering what there could be in her ſtory that could ſo much affect this young woman. After a little time, Mrs. Schwarz again came to her, and ſaid, in a mild tone, I would recommend to you not to lay aſide, even here, your aſſumed name, for you do not know what an artful devil Selenberg is: I muſt entreat you likewiſe not to make your ſtory known to any perſon.

The young woman now accompanied Emilia in a walk into the neighbouring country, and up the high hills which ſhut in the valley and the garden, and from which there was a very delightful proſpect. You ſee this paradiſe, ſaid Mrs. Schwarz, into which no one enters, and which is known to no one: this is ours. She then made Emilia acquainted with the hiſtory of the place. Waldengrund was formerly a hunting-

hunting-villa of the prince, but was ſuffered to fall by degrees to decay. Such of the apartments as were yet in tolerable condition were occupied by Mr. Grell, and in the cottages lived ſome poor charcoal burners. The large garden behind the houſe ſupplied the family with a number of neceſſaries, and ſuch others as they wanted they procured from the neighbouring village of Sondenheim.

Emilia wrote to the old page and her uncle that ſhe was here very happy; and ſo ſhe really was. In the morning, ſoon after ſun-riſe ſhe breakfaſted with the worthy family in the garden, and paſſed the day in work ſuited to her ſex, or in walking abroad, and contemplating the beauties of the ſcenes around her. She ſoon recovered her accuſtomed cheerfulneſs; but all her cheerfulneſs could not diſpel the melancholy of the young woman, or the ſullen miſanthropic gloom of the old man, who ſeldom ſpoke a word. The cauſe of theſe ſhe

would not enquire, and they did not ſeem diſpoſed to unfold it voluntarily.

Some days after ſhe had occaſion to notice that there were no books in the houſe but a bible and two hymn-books. She firſt obſerved it while talking to the child, and aſking her where ſhe went to ſchool. To ſchool? ſaid the child; there is a ſchoolmaſter in Sondenheim, but I don't go to him.—Who teaches you to read, then? The child did not know what that was.—Emilia offered to teach her to read, when ſhe recollected that ſhe had not ſeen any book in the houſe. She aſked Dorothy, (for by that name was Mrs. Schwarz generally called) and ſhe confeſſed, with a bluſh, that ſhe had no books.

Dorothy was dreſſed like a woman above the common rank, and for ſuch Emilia had taken her; ſhe was, therefore, not a little ſurpriſed when ſhe diſcovered that Dorothy read very badly, and could not write at all. She ſaid nothing; but Mr. Grell

was commiſſioned to procure her books from the next town, and Emilia ſet about teaching Sophia to read and write. This gave her additional employment, and endeared her much more to Mr. Grell and his daughter. At length, alſo, ſhe learned the mournful hiſtory of the family, and thence perceived why Dorothy had taken ſo great an intereſt in her adventures.

Mr. Grell was a worthy, ſimple, honeſt man, who had in his youth been employed as ſuperintendant of ſeveral farms, and when he was about thirty years of age met with the ſiſter of the old page, who was then a ſervant, and married her. He took a ſmall farm, in which he lived with his young wife perfectly contented and happy. The brother of his wife had then been a long time in the ſervice of the prince, though it was not known where he was. When he was about fourteen years of age, he was a poor boy who looked after the geeſe belonging to the village. One day the late prince paſſed that way, and ſtopped there in his

carriage. The boy ran up to it, curious to ſee what was coming, and, perceiving ſuch fine gentlefolks, took off his cap out of reſpect. The preſent prince, then about ſeven years of age, ſeeing him ſtanding in that manner, took out his purſe, and gave him a couple of florins. As the young prince was again getting into the carriage he dropped his purſe, which was picked up by the boy, who ran after the coach with it, calling to the driver, as loud as he was able, to ſtop; but he was not noticed. He, however, followed to the next village, where they ſtopped to take freſh horſes, and, coming up to the coach, preſented what he had found, ſaying: Little maſter has dropped his purſe.

This gave occaſion to a ſhort dialogue, in which the boy manifeſted ſuch a ſenſe both of honeſty and honour, that the prince ſaid to him: Will you go with me, my good lad? The boy aſſented with the livelieſt joy, and was mounted on the coach-box, carried to the capital, clothed, and appointed to

wait

wait upon the young prince. He was ſo frequently praiſed for his honeſty, that he reſolved never to forfeit the character he had acquired. He never did, and at length became the confidential ſervant of the prince. His ſiſter, who knew not where he was, married, as has been ſaid, Mr. Grell, and went with him to the farm he had taken. A ſimpler, honeſter, or happier couple than Grell and his wife the world has never produced. Grell cultivated his grounds, while his wife managed the houſehold affairs, and in the evening went to meet him in the field with a countenance expreſſive of the fondeſt affection. She hung on his neck, as if ſhe had not ſeen him for a twelvemonth, and he forgot both droughts and inundations when he ſaw her coming. After ſome time the wife of Grell brought him a daughter, to whom he gave the name of Dorothy. She was the only child they had, and therefore was brought up by her parents, perhaps, too fondly and delicately. She was not permitted to

do

do any kind of ruſtic work in the field, but was kept in the houſe, ſewing or knitting, and her dreſs was finer and better than exactly ſuited her ſtation in life. Why ſhould ſhe not be handſomely dreſſed? Grell would ſay: God has bleſſed our induſtry; and ſhe is our only child. Why ſhould not the girl win the heart of ſome gentleman of fortune, or ſome church-miniſter? And if ſhe ſhould, it will be well for her to know how to ſuit herſelf to her ſtation. Dorothy was, therefore, dreſſed like the daughter of the parſon of the next village, and every one ſaid: What a handſome daughter farmer Grell has!

Dorothy was likewiſe ſent to ſchool in the next village, where ſhe learned to read, began writing, and made ſome proficiency in the catechiſm. She was now thirteen years old, and greatly improved in her perſon, ſo that it was thought unneceſſary to let her go any longer to ſchool. But though the education of Dorothy was but imperfect, ſhe was far from being deficient in good

ſenſe. Her father poſſeſſed a very ſound underſtanding, and on ſubjects on which he was converſant, as corn and cattle, was conſulted by all his neighbours. Dorothy, likewiſe, knew how to behave herſelf with great propriety; and it was not neceſſary to hear her ſpeak, to be convinced ſhe was endowed with much natural good ſenſe, for intelligence ſparkled in her lively eyes.

But her principal merit was derived from her heart, the amiable qualities of which beamed in her unaffected cheerful countenance. Whoever beheld the calm vivacity of her eyes, expreſſive of undiſguiſed friendſhip, would have imagined that ſhe muſt have ſecretly cheriſhed the tender paſſion for ſome favoured lover; yet this proceeded only from the goodneſs of her heart. Her parents loved her ſo tenderly, and careſſed her ſo affectionately, that her ſoul was filled with love for the whole human race.

It is eaſy to perceive, that, in the breaſt of ſuch a female, the firſt offer of love from a young man muſt excite an ardent corre-

ſponding

ſponding paſſion. The ſon of the miniſter in the next village, a youth of liberal education, to whom the lord of the manor had promiſed the reverſion of his father's living, became acquainted with Dorothy, by ſtanding god-father at a chriſtening where ſhe was god-mother. He was much ſtruck with her beauty; and when he accompanied her home, Mr. Grell, when he took his leave, ſaid: I hope you will do us the pleaſure to call and ſee us ſometimes. The young man did not wait to be twice aſked; for Dorothy had made a greater impreſſion on his heart than he had ever before experienced. In his converſation with her, however, he was not always perfectly intelligible to her. The honeſt innocent girl knew but little of the high-flown poetical language in which he would ſometimes expreſs himſelf, and in which he thought love muſt neceſſarily be expreſſed. She was conſcious that ſhe felt a great regard for him; yet when he came ſhe would ſit ſewing, and, after ſhe had once ſaid, I am glad to ſee you, would

go

go on with her work almoſt as if he were not there.

As Grell knew that Wilhelmi (that was the name of the young man) was to be his father's ſucceſſor, he had no objection to make to his coming to ſee his daughter, and very willingly gave his conſent to their ſometimes taking a walk together. And now it was not long before Wilhelmi gently preſſed Dorothy's hand, and at laſt adventured to kiſs her lips. She returned with tender warmth every preſſure of her hand, and almoſt his kiſſes. O Dorothy! ſaid he, how fondly, how inexpreſſibly do I love you! She leaned on his boſom, and ſaid ſoftly: I have a great regard for you, too, Mr. Wilhelmi.

Love, in her gentle breaſt, flamed with more ardour, perhaps, than in his, though he might not ſuppoſe ſo, as ſhe ſeldom ſaid much on the ſubject. She never ſaid, I love you; which ſeemed to her too formal and affected. I have really a great regard for you, or I have a very ſincere friendſhip for

you,

you, was the utmoſt Dorothy could be brought to ſay. Wilhelmi made verſes to Doris, to the moon, to the elder-tree under which they ſat; and in others chided his Doris for her coldneſs. Theſe verſes he would in the evening modeſtly preſent to her. Doris took them all, and put them into her hymn-book, after having looked them over for ſome time with a wiſh that ſhe were able to read writing better.

Wilhelmi now preſſed her to write to him in anſwer; and this occaſioned her much perplexity, as her lover poſitively would not believe that ſhe could not write. She made an attempt twice, but not ſucceeding was obliged to return to her firſt candid confeſſion: I cannot write; and her admirer was forced to permit Dorothy to love him after her own manner, that is to ſay, with warm but ſilent ſincerity. But though ſhe was unacquainted with the faſhionable terms of love, her head conceived a number of ideas, and her imagination produced a multitude of images, which created, as it were,

a new

a new world in her ſoul. When alone, her fancy dwelt on her lover, notwithſtanding the reſerve of which he was ready to accuſe her; and he would have died with tranſport at her feet, had he known how ſhe dreamed of him.

About this time the nobleman, who was the patron of Wilhelmi's father's living, and the landlord of Grell's farm, died, and Selenberg, who was his ſiſter's ſon, ſucceeded to his eſtates. Selenberg in conſequence came to Grell's to ſee the farm, and found there the charming Dorothy with lively eyes, and a countenance tinged with the glowing bluſh of a firſt innocent paſſion. He was aſtoniſhed at the beauty of this country girl, and entered into ſome converſation with her. Dorothy replied to what he ſaid with expreſſions of the utmoſt reſpect, for on him depended all the fortunes of her lover.

Selenberg appeared to take no farther notice of the girl; but by degrees he began to ſhew himſelf much more friendly towards

wards Mr. Grell. He expreſſed the utmoſt ſatisfaction at the good condition in which he found the farm; and offered Mr. Grell the farm of his principal eſtate as ſoon as the leaſe of the preſent tenant ſhould expire. Grell was greatly pleaſed with this offer, and ſtill more at an expreſſion of his new landlord, who had ſaid: I am rich, and mean to enjoy the rents of my eſtates; but I will not grind my tenants; I wiſh to ſee them happy. I want a man like you, Mr. Grell, to aſſiſt me in the management of my affairs according to this principle. Selenberg, in this, did not ſay what was not in ſome meaſure true. He was not rigid with his tenants; but generous, when not prevented from being ſo by his love of pleaſure and diſſipation. Grell had heard much of the goodneſs of his diſpoſition in this reſpect, and began now to entertain hopes that he and his family ſhould live very happily under his new landlord.

In a few days Selenberg returned to the capital; and not long after Grell received a letter

a letter from him, by which he was appointed his ſteward, with a very advantageous leaſe of a farm near the village of which old Wilhelmi was miniſter. This leaſe, ſaid Selenberg in his letter, you will find worth your acceptance; you will likewiſe take with it the large houſe and furniture; all but the green chamber, which I ſhall reſerve to myſelf.

Grell read the letter with tears of thankfulneſs, and poured forth many bleſſings on his good and generous maſter. The neceſſary preparations were next to be made with all diſpatch; for Selenberg was to be there in four days time, to give poſſeſſion, and go through all the requiſite legal ceremonies.

The arrival of Selenberg this time began an uninterrupted feſtival. Every evening concluded with a dance, to which the farmers of the neighbourhood and the miniſter were invited with their families. The new ſteward's lady, Mrs. Grell, did not chooſe to dance: You, then, miſs, ſaid

Selenberg to Dorothy, muſt do the honours of the houſe, and be my partner.

Selenberg now threw out all his lures for Dorothy. He flattered her, and treated her with peculiar reſpect, but ſhe took no notice of it, and, as ſoon as ſhe was away from him, ſought the eyes of her lover. Selenberg, therefore, reſolved to make his attack in another quarter; and the next morning, while Mr. Grell was buſied in taking poſſeſſion of his new farm, he went to his wife, with whom he found Dorothy. He took a ſeat, and requeſted permiſſion to take his breakfaſt with them. The good woman was delighted with his politeneſs and condeſcenſion, and aſſented with many acknowledgements of the honour. After ſome converſation he contrived to introduce ſuch complimentary encomiums on the beauty of Dorothy, as called up a ſucceſſion of bluſhes into her cheeks. I wonder, added he, addreſſing himſelf to the mother, how you have been able in the country to give ſo genteel an education to this

this amiable young lady: ſhe behaves as if ſhe had been bred in a court.

Your honour jeſts with us, replied Dorothy's mother: the girl may thank God that ſhe is ſufficiently well educated for the country.

Come, come, madam, anſwered Selenberg, you muſt not do her injuſtice: let us for a moment ſuppoſe that, from love, or accident, ſhe were to become my wife, I ſhould not heſitate a moment to preſent her to the princeſs as madam Selenberg; nor can it be doubted that the whole court would exclaim at ſight of her: What an angelic creature!

The mother ſmiled—Yes, indeed, I dare ſay ſhe will be preſented at court—Your honour will make the poor girl vain of herſelf.

No, in truth I am ſerious, my dear madam; Dorothy muſt make her fortune. Am I not in the right, Dorothy? (He here drew her to him, attentively fixing his eyes on her.) What a figure! what a delicate complexion! what animated eyes! Should a prince

a prince offer you his hand, I ſhould frankly confeſs he could not make a better choice.

Selenberg continued to talk in this manner for ſome time, to induce Mrs. Grell to believe that it was poſſible he might himſelf offer his hand to her daughter. He did not, indeed, obtain his end; but the good woman was very much pleaſed that he ſhould think ſo highly of her daughter. Dorothy hoped that he would confirm to her lover the grant of the reverſion of his father's living, or, if not, beſtow on him a better; ſhe, therefore, did every thing in her power to preſerve his favour.

Selenberg could not comprehend why his encomiums and flatteries made ſo little impreſſion on the vanity of either mother or daughter, eſpecially of the former; but this was no longer an enigma to him, when he had once or twice had an opportunity of obſerving Wilhelmi and Dorothy together. In the firſt emotions of his paſſion, he determined to diſappoint their love by violence,

and

and ſeparate them from each other in any manner. On cooler reflection, however, he determined to try whether he could not diſpoſſeſs Wilhelmi of the heart of Dorothy; but the tender and ſincere paſſion which the latter manifeſted, without much reſerve, ſoon compelled him to abandon this idea. On this ſide her innocence was not to be attacked, for it was guarded by Love himſelf.

But what is impoſſible to cool and crafty villainy when it has only to deal with artleſs ſimplicity? Selenberg now narrowly watched the moſt trifling actions of Wilhelmi and Dorothy, and ſoon made a diſcovery of which he could take advantage. When Wilhelmi viſited Dorothy, which he did almoſt every evening, at parting he indeed ſaid Good night, but after a little time returned to ſee her again in her chamber. There the lovers renewed their kiſſes and proteſtations of mutual fidelity, and, to avoid obſervation, this paſſed in the dark. Such a meeting muſt certainly ap-

pear to be not entirely without danger to two ſuch warm hearts; but Wilhelmi had too much honour, and his love was too pure and ſincere for him to abuſe the innocent confidence repoſed in him by Dorothy.

On theſe hours of love Selenberg founded his helliſh plan; for the execution of which he choſe a time when Mr. Grell was gone a ſhort journey, and the evenings were very dark. Wilhelmi came as uſual. Selenberg was likewiſe there, with ſome young perſons whom he had invited. He was extremely cheerful, propoſed to play at forfeits, had ſome punch made, and prevailed on Dorothy to drink ſeveral glaſſes of it. They continued to play and drink till Selenberg at length remarked that it was late, and time to retire. Wilhelmi, when the other gueſts were gone, likewiſe took his hat, and made the cuſtomary ſign to Dorothy, who took her candle, and ſaying, as uſual, Good night, lightly tripped to her chamber. Selenberg retired to his; while Wilhelmi remained on the ſtairs, in order,

order, as ſoon as all ſhould be quiet, to paſs another half-hour with Dorothy. But now came Selenberg's valet with a candle, and was ſo polite as to inſiſt on lighting Wilhelmi down ſtairs, though he aſſured him a hundred times that he could find the way very well without. The valet attended him to the door, which he ſhut after him, and, placing himſelf at a window near it, continued there ſo long, that at length the patience of Wilhelmi being exhauſted he went home.

Selenberg in the mean time ſtole ſoftly to Dorothy's chamber, the door of which was left unfaſtened, crying Huſh! huſh! as he entered. Dorothy liſtened, and heard ſome perſon go out. It was Selenberg's valet; but ſhe ſuppoſed it was his maſter, and ſaid not a word, that the ſecret viſit of her lover might not be diſcovered, and occaſion ill reports. She claſped her ſuppoſed lover in her arms, and preſſed him to her heart, beating now with double warmth. The walking backwards and forwards in

the hall ſtill continued, and it was therefore neceſſary that ſhe ſhould be ſilent.

But let us haſten over a ſcene of guilt, which, while it procured a voluptuous night to the baſe libertine, plunged a whole family in miſery for the remainder of their lives. The treacherous deceiver exulted in ſilence that he had triumphed over unſuſpecting innocence, and at length diſcovered himſelf to the aſtoniſhed and wretched girl. He ſpoke as if his meeting with her had been accidental, and ſhe had perfectly well known who was with her. Dorothy ſhuddered with amazement and horror when ſhe recognized Selenberg's voice. She made an attempt, but in vain, to force herſelf from his arms, and at length ſought relief in a ſhower of bitter tears. Selenberg endeavoured to pacify her, and laid the blame on the violence of his paſſion. I, laſt night, ſaid he, deareſt delight of my heart, paſſed by your chamber-door, and found it a little way open. I now intended to wiſh you a good night; but at the moment

ment I opened the door I heard ſome perſon coming. Could I, dear girl, expoſe your innocence to ſuſpicion? I was obliged to come in, to eſcape obſervation. I warned you by ſaying Huſh! huſh! and meant to have explained to you how I came here; but you yourſelf, Dorothy, claſped me to your heart; you yourſelf——

O God! I myſelf!——exclaimed the wretched girl, tearing herſelf from him. Oh, leave me, leave me! I am miſerable!

Selenberg vowed to her eternal love and fidelity, but ſhe liſtened only to her deſpair. At length he went away, for the morning began to break. Oh! could he have felt the agony of deſpair which tore the heart of the unhappy girl; had he ſeen how ſhe threw herſelf on her knees, and curſed the light of the morning which roſe in the eaſt; how ſhe hid her face, and in bitter anguiſh prayed for death; he would no longer have exulted in his victory!

By degrees Dorothy became a little more calm, and began to reflect in what manner

this could have happened. She was conſcious that ſhe had been unfaithful to her lover only through miſtake; but her alarms returned when ſhe recollected that Wilhelmi himſelf might have been on the ſtairs, and obſerved all that had paſſed. Selenberg appeared to her to have had as little ill-deſign in this unhappy miſtake as herſelf; and though ſhe ſhuddered with a kind of horror at him, ſhe felt no hatred of him. She wiſhed for the arrival of her lover with the greateſt impatience, though ſhe trembled at the thought of his approach. Soon after ſhe heard Wilhelmi's voice in the court-yard, and ran to the window. He caſt up at her a kind glance, and hope again revived in her heart.

She came down, and the firſt words of her lover were an apology for his not coming to her the preceding evening. Selenberg's valet, deareſt Dorothy, would light me to the door, and ſhut it after me; and not contented with that, the fooliſh fellow muſt needs place himſelf at the window,

as

as if he had meant to ſay: Do as you pleaſe, but you don't come here any more to night.

Dorothy was now convinced that Wilhelmi knew nothing of what had paſſed, but ſhe almoſt ſtarted at what he ſaid of the valet. Her fatal miſtake now no longer appeared to have been the effect of accident, but of treacherous deſign. She got away from Wilhelmi as ſoon as ſhe could, that ſhe might again employ her thoughts on the circumſtances of this dreadful tranſaction. A cold ſhuddering came over her when ſhe perceived how exactly the different parts of the infamous plan fitted together; from the intoxicating punch with which ſhe had been plied, to the moment when Selenberg diſcovered himſelf. She was ſitting abſorbed in thought, with folded hands, and her pale face, expreſſive of the anguiſh of death, ſunk on her boſom, when Selenberg opened the door. She drew back with a ſhuddering of horror, anger boiled up in her heart; but the reverence with which ſhe had been accuſtomed to treat the lord of the eſtate,

on whom her father depended, prevented her from giving looſe to all her paſſion, and ſhe only ſaid, with a look ſufficiently expreſſive of her abhorrence, Leave me, leave me; I muſt be alone.

Selenberg endeavoured to pacify her, and ſo far ſucceeded, as to make her again think it probable that the weakneſs into which they had both been betrayed was the conſequence of an extraordinary accident—And I can now tell you, continued he, who it was that was walking backwards and forwards by the door. It was my valet. He yeſterday evening received letters for me, with which he went to my chamber, and waited. When he thought he heard me coming, he came out to meet me, and he it was that I heard juſt as I opened your door. I had this account from himſelf, and told him, in anſwer, that I went into my chamber by the back door. Your reputation, my dear Dorothy, is therefore perfectly ſafe.

Selenberg remarked that Dorothy looked more calm and compoſed; he proceeded, therefore,

therefore, to expreſs the ardour of his paſſion, and to declare that he could not be happy without her. Dorothy was ſilent; for what could ſhe anſwer to the man with whom ſhe ſtood in ſo peculiar a relation? Preſently he began to attempt to take new liberties; but Dorothy ſtarted up, and tore herſelf from him with indignation.

He conſidered, however, her behaviour as the mere coquetry of maiden baſhfulneſs, and entertained little doubt but ſhe would ſoon be more compliant. In this he was miſtaken. Dorothy, while her father remained abſent, ſlept with her mother, avoided every opportunity of being alone with Selenberg, and rendered abortive all his ſchemes to ſpeak to her in private, with cold diſdain and inflexible firmneſs. As he was unwilling entirely to loſe what he had been at ſo much pains to gain, he had recourſe to another mode of attack. He at length found means to gain acceſs to her, and ſaid as ſhe roſe up to leave the room: Do not go; I have ſomething to ſay to you

relative to Wilhelmi. You love him, I know, and I muſt ſubmit, how much ſoever I envy his happineſs. Dorothy, he ſhall ſoon be your huſband. The miniſter at Grundriſs is old; Wilhelmi to-morrow ſhall have his living, not merely as an aſſiſtant, but the whole, for I will myſelf allow the old man a penſion. Such, Dorothy, is my offer, and all I aſk in return is a ſmall portion of your heart.

This propoſition was very agreeable to Dorothy; for ſhe clearly perceived that, without the aſſiſtance of Selenberg, Wilhelmi might remain a long time unprovided for. She therefore put ſome conſtraint on herſelf, to thank him for his goodneſs with a cheerful countenance. He now believed he had won her, and took her in his arms; while ſhe, for her dear Wilhelmi's ſake, permitted every thing not offenſive to innocence and modeſty, even a kiſs: but, as ſoon as ſhe could, ſhe again got from him, and aſked whether ſhe might acquaint Wilhelmi with the favour his liberality

berality intended to beſtow on him. Moſt willingly, replied Selenberg, but under condition that you, deareſt Dorothy, will again leave the chamber-door open.—Dorothy ſtarted back with a kind of horror—Do you think, continued he, that I will make my rival happy, and not be ſo myſelf? I thought, my dear, you had underſtood my meaning. Obſerve what I ſay: I will be with you this evening, and in a few days you ſhall be Wilhelmi's wife. My deareſt Dorothy, it may, perhaps, be very neceſſary that you ſhould haſten your marriage. You may be already in a fair way to be a mother. Dorothy did not at firſt underſtand his meaning, but, on his more fully explaining it, turned pale, and had nearly fainted. He now believed he had obtained the victory; but, no ſooner had ſhe a little recovered herſelf, than ſhe gave a looſe to her anger, and loaded her betrayer with the bittereſt reproaches.

Do not put yourſelf in a paſſion, my dear, replied he with taunting calmneſs. Was it

my fault that the door was open? Were I diſpoſed to be ungenerous, I might give Wilhelmi a hint how it happened that he was not able to come to you again that night. You perceive, my deareſt Dorothy, that you are in my power. What is paſſed cannot be recalled; and if I keep your ſecret you muſt be civil.

Now ſtood the wretch unveiled in all his native odious colours before the beguiled unhappy girl. Inſtead, however, of yielding, as Selenberg had hoped, and complying with his baſe ſolicitations, ſhe exclaimed with all the furious emotions of rage: Villain! baſe, abominable villain! At the ſame moment ſhe ſeized a knife, and attempted to plunge it into her breaſt with dreadful violence; but Selenberg prevented her, and endeavoured to ſoothe her. She regarded him not, but ſtill continued to exclaim with increaſing rage: Villain! moſt abominable villain!

Her father, who had juſt returned from his journey, hearing theſe furious exclama-

tions, haſtened to her, and aſked, almoſt breathleſs: For God's ſake, what is the matter?—This fiend, ſaid Dorothy, has been my ruin: I am with child by him.—The blood forſook the old man's cheeks, and, in a tranſport of rage, he ſeized Selenberg by the throat, as if he intended to ſtrangle him. Selenberg extricated himſelf from his gripe, ruſhed out of the room, called his ſervants, had the horſes put to his carriage, and left the place as ſpeedily as poſſible. Dorothy, in the mean time, had fainted in her father's arms; and he could not leave her in this condition. Before ſhe recovered her mother came; and when ſhe had come a little to herſelf, her father aſked her, with the utmoſt tenderneſs, to give them a circumſtantial account of what had happened. She related her melancholy ſtory, and her mother ſank lifeleſs on the floor.

After ſome time theſe violent emotions began, in ſome meaſure, to give way to more calm reflection. Dorothy was told

that,

that, perhaps, ſhe might not be with child. Her father comforted her by telling her that, notwithſtanding the error ſhe had committed, ſhe had certainly been guilty of no breach of fidelity to Wilhelmi, and that ſhe might ſtill be a happy wife. Dorothy was ſilent, but ſhe felt that ſhe ſhould ever be unhappy.

In the evening came a letter from Selenberg, on whom the laſt ſcene had made much impreſſion. He had written to Mr. Greil, from the next town, that he was ready to give Wilhelmi the living of Grundriſs, and that the marriage of Dorothy would ſet every thing to rights. In this Selenberg certainly had a ſecret hope, that there would ſtill remain ſomething like a connection between him and the wife of the new miniſter of Grundriſs, ſince he was in poſſeſſion of a ſecret which her huſband muſt not know.

Mr. Grell opened the letter; but the moment he ſaid it was from Selenberg, Dorothy ſnatched it out of his hand, and

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tore it into pieces. The father was not perfectly pleaſed with this haſtineſs of his daughter; but as the letter was torn, he gathered up the pieces, and, encloſing them in a cover, ſent them back to Selenberg. The latter then plainly ſaw that all further connection with him was renounced, and immediately continued his journey, though ſomewhat diſcontented with himſelf, to the capital.

Dorothy, now, knew not what to do. For two or three days ſhe gave out that ſhe was very ill, which, in fact, was not far from the truth, and thus avoided being alone with Wilhelmi. Her father afterwards took her to a relation's, where Wilhelmi could not follow her. When they came back again the young man viſited her as uſual; but there was a kind of reſerve and embarraſſment in her manner which ſhe could not overcome. She was very anxious for his being ſettled, and at her ſolicitation he reſolved to undergo the examination neceſſary for his being appointed

to

to a living. For this purpoſe it was requiſite that he ſhould reſide a month in the capital, and during that interval the dreadful diſcovery was made that Dorothy actually was with child.

When this melancholy fact could no longer be doubted, Dorothy recovered from one fainting fit only to go into another; her mother wept bitter tears in an agony of affliction, and her father in frantic geſtures expreſſed the anguiſh of his ſoul. It was neceſſary, however, to determine in what manner they ſhould act. Dorothy propoſed to diſcover the whole truth to Wilhelmi, and leave to him the deciſion of her fate. To this her father objected, and ſaid: Why ſhould he know your misfortune? You are innocent, Dorothy; but it will be better that your huſband ſhould not know what has happened. Be adviſed by me, dear unhappy girl: we will take ſuch meaſures that the whole affair ſhall remain a ſecret.

Dorothy, at firſt, refuſed to conſent to this propoſal; but her parents preſſed her

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ſo earneſtly to follow their advice, that ſhe at length ſubmitted. The whole tranſaction was carefully concealed from her lover, and Dorothy grew every day more reſerved and melancholy.

Selenberg, though his vanity had been deeply wounded, was ſtill deſirous to atone, in ſome meaſure, for the crime he had committed. He preſented Wilhelmi with the living of Grundriſs, and hoped now that every thing would ſoon be accommodated to the ſatisfaction of all parties. Wilhelmi took poſſeſſion of his benefice at Grundriſs, and ſoon after repaired, in high ſpirits, to the parents of Dorothy, whom he warmly preſſed no longer to delay his happineſs. They alleged ſome very plauſible pretexts for deferring the marriage for another half-year. It was, however, ſettled that it ſhould then take place, and every thing ſeemed to promiſe a happy iſſue to this moſt unfortunate affair; when the whole plan was rendered abortive by an unlucky accident. A ſervant-maid in the houſe, as ſhe

was

was going up ſtairs, had heard Dorothy exclaim to her father, as he entered the room, when ſhe was reproaching Selenberg, that ſhe was with child. She ſtopped and liſtened, and from what followed was convinced that ſhe had heard rightly. Her curioſity now prompted her to watch the family: ſhe liſtened as often as ſhe had an opportunity, and ſoon became acquainted with almoſt all the circumſtances of the ſecret. She ſpoke of it firſt to the ſervants about the houſe, but very obſcurely, ſo that what ſhe ſaid paſſed without notice. She imagined now that ſhe might do what ſhe pleaſed, and became very negligent of her buſineſs. Her maſter and miſtreſs reprimanded her, and ſhe replied with pertneſs. At length ſhe was guilty of ſome very groſs miſconduct, and, when queſtioned, anſwered with inſolence, emboldened by the ſecret of which ſhe knew herſelf in poſſeſſion. Mr. Grell loſt all patience, and, without ſtaying to hear what ſhe had to ſay, turned her out of doors. The girl acted as mean

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people will in ſimilar circumſtances: ſhe ran immediately to the old miniſter of the pariſh, whoſe ſon happened to be at that time with him on a viſit, and diſcovered to him that Dorothy was with child by Selenberg, and was to lie-in privately before her marriage.

This was a thunder-ſtroke to Wilhelmi, and at firſt he would not believe the ſtory; but the girl mentioned ſo many minute circumſtances, that he was convinced it could not be all invention. He made her, however, promiſe to tell no other perſon, and ſhe kept her word; for ſhe directly went away to her mother, who lived in a diſtant village. Wilhelmi, when he came to lay together the different circumſtances, diſcovered the very day on which Dorothy muſt have been unfaithful to him. He recollected that Selenberg's valet almoſt turned him out of the houſe, and that Dorothy, from that evening, had behaved towards him in a very cold and ambiguous manner. He had been deceived, and had again to fear deceit in his marriage. Dorothy had particularly

ticularly preſſed him to paſs his examination, and Selenberg had given him the living of Grundriſs, becauſe, perhaps, he could there conveniently maintain an intercourſe with his perfidious wife. He now, too, recollected Dorothy's illneſs and wan complexion. Why, likewiſe, had Grell, to every one's ſurpriſe, been appointed ſteward? and why had he received a farm on ſo advantageous a leaſe?

Wilhelmi's ardent love, however, made ſeveral objections to the probability of Dorothy's infidelity. He determined, therefore, to be ſilent, and endeavour to obtain certainty. He went to Mr. Grell, and preſſed him to let the marriage ſpeedily take place. Grell was confuſed, his wife ſhed tears, and at laſt both gave a poſitive refuſal. Their daughter, they ſaid, muſt firſt pay a viſit to an aunt who had made her her heir, and had inſiſted that Dorothy ſhould firſt paſs a month or two with her. Wilhelmi made ſome enquiries, ſeemingly in a careleſs way, relative to this aunt, and

where

where ſhe lived. He afterwards wrote to the place they mentioned, and found that nobody knew any ſuch perſon.

Wilhelmi now watched all the motions of the family. Mr. Grell ſoon after went a journey, and ſtaid from home a week. From the ſervant who had accompanied him, Wilhelmi learned that they had been to a ſmall town, about forty miles diſtant. Wilhelmi rode thither, alighted at the only inn in the place, and, making enquiries concerning what Mr. Grell had been doing there, found that he had hired a room at a midwife's for a perſon who was to come and remain there ſome weeks. He next applied to the midwife, and deſired to be ſhewn the room that had been hired by a tall man in a green coat, who ſpoke in a ſtrong rough voice.

The midwife pretended to know nothing of the matter. My good woman, ſaid Wilhelmi, I am the brother of the poor girl who is coming here, and my buſineſs is to furniſh the room with ſome ſuitable conveniences.

niences. She will come hither ſooner than we had ſuppoſed. When did my father ſay that my ſiſter and her mother would come? But remember to be cautious, for nobody muſt know that we are here.

The woman now made no ſcruple to tell him all ſhe knew. But, added ſhe, there can be no reaſon to expect your ſiſter ſooner; for your father has fixed the day and the hour, if every thing takes its proper courſe.—Piſh! replied Wilhelmi laughing, my father may be miſtaken. But what day has he fixed, then? The woman told him.—Ah! thought he, this exactly agrees with the night when the ſerpent cauſed me to be almoſt puſhed out of the houſe by the ſervant, that ſhe might riot in the arms of the libertine Selenberg!

Wilhelmi haſtened home with a reſolution to take vengeance on the deceiver.—The ſuperannuated miniſter of Grundriſs had a handſome lively daughter, who had always ſhewn the utmoſt civility and attention to her father's ſucceſſor. Wilhelmi

thought Caroline very agreeable, and he would immediately have made her his wife, had not Dorothy already poſſeſſed his heart. When he came home, he found her (for the old miniſter ſtill reſided in the parſonage-houſe) buſily employed in decorating his chamber with pictures and bough-pots. Though ſhe could not be his wife, (for of that ſhe entertained no hope) ſhe was deſirous to cultivate his good opinion, and was now endeavouring agreeably to ſurpriſe him on his return home.

This amiable girl, thought Wilhelmi, with innocent ſincerity offers me her heart, while the ſerpent, on whom I have fixed my affection, poiſons and deſtroys my happineſs. Under the influence of this reflection, he embraced Caroline with warmth, exclaiming: How good, how kind you are! She did not attempt to withdraw from his arms, but ſmiled with a gentle tenderneſs. He preſſed her to his heart, ſaying: Wilt thou be forever conſtant to me, deareſt girl?

While I live, replied Caroline; for ſhe was one of thoſe good creatures who bear their hearts upon their tongues, and know not what reſerve or diſguiſe means.

At this moment her father entered the room. Wilhelmi led Caroline to him, and ſaid: Will you beſtow on me your daughter for a wife?—I thought, anſwered the old man, you had been engaged to miſs Grell?—Oh, ſaid Wilhelmi, his countenance aſſuming a melancholy ſerioufneſs, that is all over. But our marriage, father, muſt take place to-morrow; I will pay the fine to the conſiſtory. Both father and daughter made many objections; but Wilhelmi perſiſted in his determination, and the next morning was married to Caroline, to the great joy of the whole congregation, who ſincerely loved their ancient paſtor.

Wilhelmi, immediately after the ceremony, retired to his chamber, and ſat down to write to Mr. Grell. He now felt what he had loſt, and trembled ſo much that he could ſcarcely hold the pen. His anger

had

had evaporated, and his tears copiouſly flowed. At length he began to write; but every expreſſion that occurred to him appeared too harſh. The following was his letter:

"I am this morning married. My confidence in the virtue and fidelity of Dorothy long remained unſhaken, and ſtill I am willing to doubt whether ſhe has deceived me. My marriage will ſpare her a confeſſion which—my tears convince me—would have been moſt painful to her. No perſon ſhall ever receive from me the ſlighteſt hint of Dorothy's ſituation; indeed I myſelf do not know how ſhe was betrayed into this weakneſs. Farewell! With a broken heart I wiſh both you and your daughter all happineſs and peace!"

This letter, which was immediately ſent off, reached the family of Grell at the time they were enjoying an unexpected pleaſure. The old page had juſt come to viſit them. He had continued a long

time in the ſervice of the young prince, whom he accompanied on his travels and faithfully ſerved, and, when the principal valet died, was advanced to his poſt, the duties of which he diſcharged as became an honeſt and worthy man. He was now deſirous to ſee and render ſervice to his ſiſter, if ſhe were yet living. Many years before he had made enquiry after her, and had contented himſelf with learning that ſome time after the death of her parents, ſhe had left the village in which they reſided. She and her huſband knew as little of the adventures of their brother, or whether he were living or dead. But about this time, making more careful enquiries, he at length found that ſhe had married advantageouſly, and that her huſband held the beſt farm on the eſtate of Selenberg. He determined, therefore, to make her a viſit, obtained permiſſion, and arrived at his ſiſter's the very morning of Wilhelmi's marriage.

The joy of the brother and ſiſter at this meeting

meeting is ſcarcely to be conceived. Mr. Grell was convinced, at the firſt glance, that his brother-in-law was of an open and honeſt diſpoſition, and their hearts communicated together without reſerve. Dorothy's misfortune alone was concealed, as the page, had he known it, could have rendered her no aſſiſtance. The family were at ſupper, when a letter was brought them from Wilhelmi. Mr. Grell opened it, and at the firſt words turned pale as death. He attempted to riſe and leave the room, to conceal his feelings: but his ſtrength failed him, and he was obliged to ſit down again. Dorothy uttered a loud ſcream, and ſtretched out her trembling hands to ſupport her father. The mother looked wildly at her daughter, and then threw her eyes up to heaven. The father took the letter again, again turned pale, and was going to quit the room; but Dorothy embraced him, exclaiming: Deareſt father, what is the matter? He knows all, anſwered he—and Dorothy ſank lifeleſs in his arms.—Gra-

cious Heaven! exclaimed the mother, He knows all?—And is married to-day, added the father; but do not tell Dorothy that.

The unhappy woman now likewiſe fainted in the arms of her brother. The page looked in the letter, was ſhocked, and, caſting a glance at Dorothy, was ſtill more ſhocked, as her ſhape precluded all doubt.

The mother and daughter were carried to bed, and Grell now told his brother-in-law the whole of the melancholy ſtory. Brother, ſaid he, as he concluded, we are rendered irretrievably miſerable; but—(ſeizing a knife which lay on the table) I will go to the capital, and in the midſt of the court plunge this knife into the heart of the fiend. This will I do, brother, as there is a juſt God in heaven!

The old page with ſome difficulty prevailed on his brother-in-law to moderate theſe violent emotions; and they both proceeded to conſider in what manner they might beſt communicate to Dorothy the intelligence that Wilhelmi was married. The page at laſt

laſt undertook to tell her the next morning. Dorothy heard him with apparent calmneſs, and ſaid when he had ended, with a ſmile which betrayed the anguiſh of her heart: Heaven make him happy!—She appeared abſorbed in thought, ſmiled frequently, talked of reſignation to her fate, and at laſt roſe up to go to her mother. She appeared calm; but her ſuppreſſed paſſions ſtruggled with concealed violence, while a ſenſe of her loſs and her ſhame tore her heart with a thouſand pangs. Her mother, when ſhe ſaw her, hid her face—and the wretched girl no longer could ſupport her feelings. Mother, exclaimed ſhe in a fearful tone, I will die! You ſhall not hide your face at my approach!—Her geſtures were frantic. Her father endeavoured to hold her, but ſhe burſt away from him, exclaiming: I will die!—She ruſhed out of the room, and he followed her. Her diſtracted cries gave a mortal ſhock to her mother: ſhe raiſed her arms; ſighed out:

Dorothy, my child!—and a fit of apoplexy ended her ſufferings.

The old page tried to reſtore his breathleſs ſiſter to life, but in vain. His exclamations brought Dorothy and her father again into the room; but their multiplied ſufferings ſeemed to have benumbed their feelings: they ſhed no tears, but expreſſed their envy of the happy fate of the deceaſed. It was not till after ſome time that ſenſibility returned to their deeply-wounded hearts. The father and daughter ſat beſide the coffin of the mother with dry eyes and pale countenances, in death-like ſilence; though at times they would reach their hands to each other over the dead body. In vain did the old page endeavour to rouſe them from their gloomy grief. The father ſaid, when he reminded him of his houſehold affairs: Let us firſt bury this poor corpſe, then will I kindle here a hell, and precipitate myſelf into the flames. The recollection of his

daughter

daughter alone made impreſſion on him; and when the old page ſaid to him, You will kill Dorothy too; he anſwered: What ſhall I do?—Brother, I will follow your advice.

Dorothy, when her mother was buried, fell on her knees before her uncle; and ſtammered out: Let us fly mankind, or I ſhall loſe my reaſon!—Yes, added her father, let us fly mankind. Let us riſk every thing, ſo we eſcape from theſe fiends!

The old page, about a year before, had been with the prince at Waldengrund, and obſerved with pleaſure the wild ſolitude of the place.—Are you pleaſed with this ſituation, aſked the prince? Yes, very much, replied the page; and when your highneſs is tired of my ſervices, I would only aſk the grant of this houſe, where I would paſs the remainder of my days. Very well, ſaid the prince, it ſhall be yours; but you muſt continue in my ſervice as long as I live. The page now recollected this houſe

and

and garden at Waldengrund, and mentioned the mto his brother-in-law as ſuch a place of retirement as he ſeemed to wiſh.

Mr. Grell in fact was no longer capable of managing his buſineſs, ſo ſevere was the impreſſion made on him by his misfortunes. A neighbouring farmer took his leaſe off his hands; and the old page, having returned to the capital, ſent his brother-in-law a written permiſſion from the prince to retire to Waldengrund, and to make uſe of an apartment in the caſtle as well as of the garden. As ſoon as Grell had received this permiſſion, he and his daughter diſappeared, and no one could tell what was become o them.

Dorothy, who now called herſelf Mrs: Schwarze, was brought to bed at Waldengrund of a daughter; but neither ſhe nor her father recovered their former cheerfulneſs, and an inveterate hatred againſt Selenberg ſtill rankled in their hearts. Grell became an avowed miſanthrope:—he ſpoke

little, ſhunned all company, and ſpent his whole time in cultivating the large garden. Dorothy's affection to Wilhelmi was not extinguiſhed, or at leaſt ſhe perſuaded herſelf that ſhe ſtill loved him, in order that ſhe might hate Selenberg.

She had lived concealed in this manner ſeven years, when Grell was at length obliged to mix again with the world. Some perſon had made an offer of purchaſing Waldengrund, and this wild ſolitude had become to the miſanthropic Grell too dear not to induce him to do every thing in his power to ſecure the poſſeſſion of it. He repaired, therefore, to his brother-in-law in the capital, that he might exert himſelf with more zeal in order to accompliſh the object he had in view. The old page, who at that time was with the prince at his country-ſeat, found no difficulty to procure a new grant of Waldengrund. The prince at the ſame time charged him with the care of Emilia, and ſaid: Curſe upon Selenberg!

The wretch loves the girl!—Save her from his gripe, and take her along with you. We muſt, however, leave his puniſhment to Heaven, added he—for ſuch things do not belong to my juriſdiction.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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